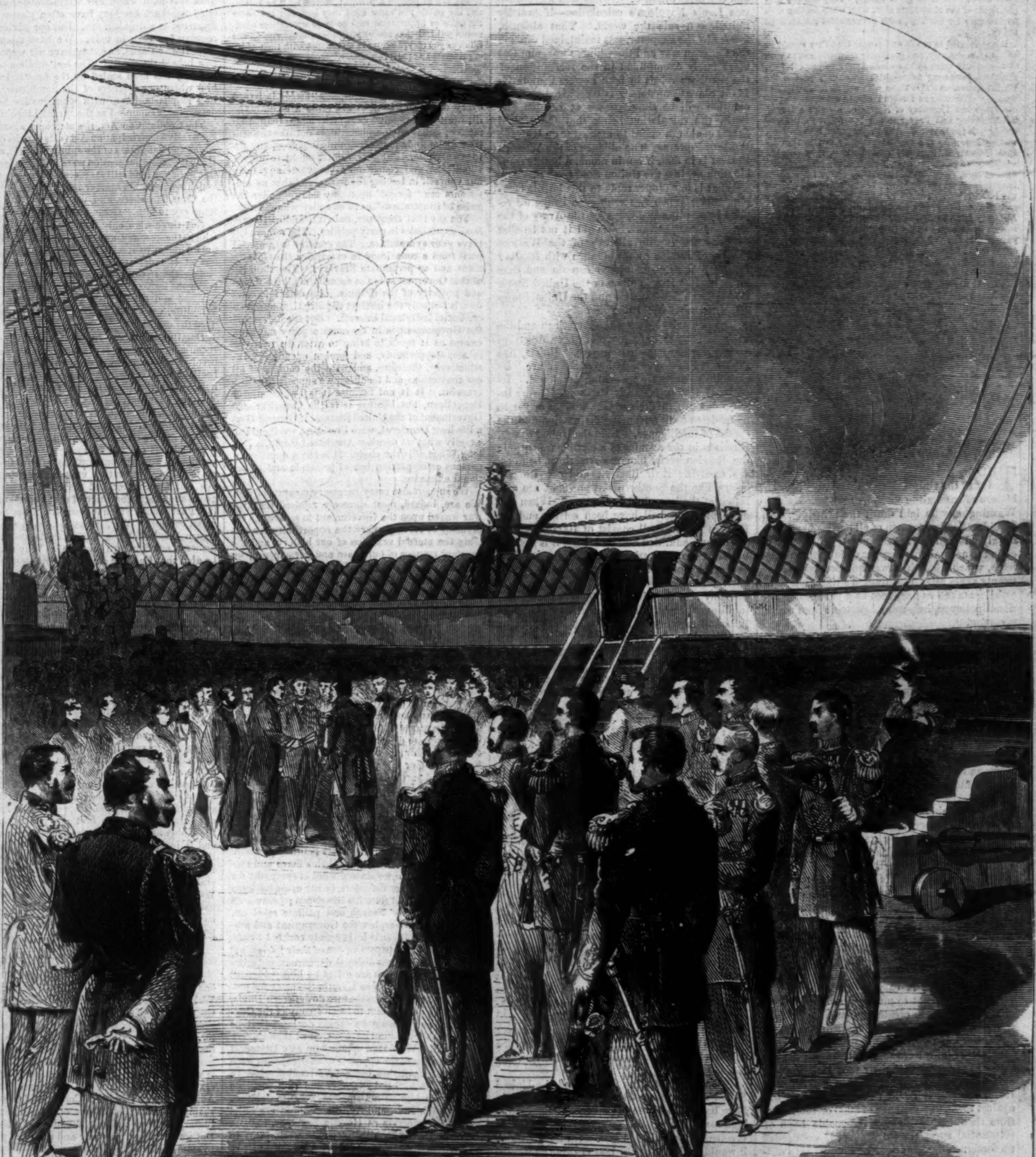
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VII.—No. 355.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



RECEPTION OF THE COMMON COUNCIL COMMITTEE BY ADMIRAL LISOVSKI ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "ALEXANDER NEVSKI."—[See Page 662.]

A Proclamation by the President of the United States of America.

The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added which are of so extraordinary a nature that they can not fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God.

In the midst of a civil war of unequaled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to invite and provoke the aggressions of foreign states, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed every where, except in the theatre of military conflict, while that theatre has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union.

The needful diversions of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defense have not arrested the plow, the shuttle, or the ship. The axe has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege, and the battle-field; and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

No human counsel hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.

It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and voice by the whole American people: I do, therefore, invite my fellow-citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea, and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next as a Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the heavens. And I recommend to them that, while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners, or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty hand to heal the wounds of the nation, and to restore it, as soon as may be consistent with the Divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity, and union.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-eighth. Abraham Lincoln.

By the President:
William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 17, 1863.

A RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

The fundamental principle of the foreign policy of the United States has always been to beware of entangling foreign alliances. It was Washington who laid down the principle, and Presidents and statesmen of all parties have uniformly adhered to it ever since. Of that principle the natural corollary was the Monroe doctrine, which, though it was not proclaimed till twenty years after Washington's time, has nevertheless taken as deep root as a part of our national policy as the parental doctrine from which it sprang.

We all dislike to see any principle of policy settled by the Father of the Country being brought into question; but still it is obvious that, as the world has kept on moving since Washington's time, there must be a great portion of his work which, though perfect enough in his day, has, by the advancement of civilization and the changes in the world's condition and circumstances, been rendered susceptible of improvement now. Is it not possible that this dread of "entangling foreign alliances" may have been wiser or more natural seventy years ago than it is now?

When Washington lived steam, telegraphs, and railroads were unknown, and the United States were thirty days' distant from the nearest part of Europe. An alliance offensive and defensive with a European nation might have obliged us to send fleets and armies to points forty, fifty, and sixty days' distance from home—a risk not to be encountered on any condition short of absolute necessity. Again, in Washington's time intelligence circulated slowly. One nation knew little of another; and peoples separated by an ocean were absolutely ignorant of the most common features of each other's idiosyncrasy. It is easy to understand why Washington sought to guard the nation he had so largely helped to create against alliances with strangers as ignorant of our views and purposes as we were of theirs. And again, in his time the United States were so far separated from the rest of the world that their very isolation was ample protection against foreign attack. No European nation could hope to carry on war against them, at a distance of 3000 or 4000 miles from their base, with any reasonable hope of substantial success. So protected, we needed no foreign allies, and had we entered into alliances, the gain would all have been on the side of our ally.

But three quarters of a century have changed all this. We are now within fifteen days of almost any part of the coast of Europe. During this war we have sent out naval expeditions on as long voyages as from here to Liverpool or Brest. It was further from London to Balaclava than from Liverpool to New York. Steam has placed Europe and America within easy striking distance of each other, and the ocean is no longer a protection against hostile attack. The telegraph and the spread of intelligence have, moreover, made us all familiar with the position, policy, views, and purposes of each other. We know precisely what a foreign alliance might involve. Furthermore, we are no longer isolated from the rest of the world. Our commerce, and our steadily increasing communication with all parts of the world, have made us part and parcel of the great civilized community of mankind; nothing which happens any where is now indifferent to us, and our transactions interest all the rest of the world.

It seems quite doubtful, under these circumstances, whether we can possibly much longer maintain the position of proud isolation which Washington coveted; and it is pretty certain, as things are now shaping, that if we do we shall lose as much as we gain by doing so.

The cardinal principle of the policy of the Western Powers of Europe is a steady offensive and defensive alliance. France and England—was Louis Napoleon's calculation—if heartily united, can rule the world. That alliance, formed by the Emperor, was maintained through the Crimean war and the Chinese war, and was more lately exemplified in the recognition of the Southern rebels by both Powers conjointly. If the Slave Confederacy is recognized the recognition will be simultaneous at London and Paris, the calculation being that the United States could not afford to make war on both the Western Powers. The alliance of the Western Powers is in fact, if not in name, a hostile combination against the United States.

What is our proper reply to this hostile combination? When Lee reinforced Bragg we replied by sending two corps of the Army of the Potomac to Rosecrans. Would it not be wise to meet the hostile alliance of the Western Powers of Europe by an alliance with Russia? France and England united can do and dare much against Russia alone or the United States alone; but against Russia and the United States combined what could they do?

The analogies between the American and the Russian peoples have too often been described to need further explanation here. Russia, like the United States, is a nation of the future. Its capabilities are only just being developed. Its national destiny is barely shaped. Its very institutions are in their cradle, and have yet to be modeled to fit advancing civilization and the spread of intelligence. Like the United States, Russia is in the agonies of a terrible transition: the Russian serfs, like the American negroes, are receiving their liberty; and the Russian boiars, like the Southern slave-owners, are mutinous at the loss of their property. When this great problem shall have been solved, and the Russian people shall consist of 100,000,000 of intelligent, educated human beings, it is possible that Russian institutions will have been welded by the force of civilization into a similarity with ours. At that period the United States will probably also contain 100,000,000 of educated, intelligent people. To two such peoples, firmly bound together by an alliance as well as by traditional sympathy and good feeling, what would be impossible? Certainly the least of the purposes which they could achieve would be to keep the peace of the world, and prevent the ambition of despots or the knavery of shopkeepers from embroiling nations in useless wars.

At the present time Russia and the United States occupy remarkably similar positions. A portion of the subjects of the Russian empire, residing in Poland, have attempted to secede and set up an independent national existence, just as our Southern slave-owners have tried to secede from the Union and set up a Slave Confederacy; and the Czar, like the Government of the Union, has undertaken to put down the insurrection by force of arms. In that undertaking, which every Government is bound to make under penalty of national suicide, Russia, like the United States, has been thwarted and annoyed by the interference of France and England. The Czar, like Mr. Lincoln, nevertheless perseveres in his purpose; and, being perfectly in earnest and determined, has sent a fleet into our waters, in order that, if war should occur, British and French commerce should not escape as cheaply as they did in the Crimean contest. We run no similar risk of being blockaded in the event of war with England and France, and need not send our squadrons away; but still we are preparing, in our way, by the construction of fast cruisers and heavy iron-clads.

An alliance between Russia and the United States at the present time would probably relieve both of us from all apprehensions of foreign interference. It is not likely that it would involve either nation in war. On the contrary, it would probably be the best possible guarantee against war. It would be highly popular in both countries, and it is hard to see what practical dangers it could involve.

The reception given last week in this city to Admiral Lisovski and his officers will create more apprehension at the Tuileries and at St. James than even the Parrott gun or the capture of the *Atlanta*. If it be followed up by diplomatic negotiations, with a view to an alliance with the Czar, it may prove an epoch of no mean importance in history

THE LOUNGER.

OUR PLATFORM.

New York, *September 29, 1863.*

Since its first issue myself and family have been constant readers of your valuable *Weekly*, and the general character of its illustrations, selected and original reading matter, have been unexceptionable; but I have noticed, within a recent period, that you begin to dabble in the dirty pool of partisan politics, and thus lower the high character your paper has attained, and render it unfit for a place upon the centre table, or to be read by those that assemble around the family altar. Sincerely believing this, I have been compelled to exclude it from my house more in sorrow than anger, for, until recently, it was there a welcome visitor.

I would not be understood as questioning your right to publish what you please. But I deny the right of a public journal, that boasts of its neutrality in matters political, under that guise to publish articles, in regard to men and things, utterly devoid of truth, and in language that would disgrace the lowest partisan political journal in the land. If you are to publish a political journal let it be known, and the public will know what they buy, and not under the guise of illustrations seek to force upon them sentiments political that are unpalatable to those who do not think as you may, and not in accordance with their views of principle and party.

Yours,
Henry E. Smith.

Dear Mr. Smith,—*Harper's Weekly* is issued every week, and sold for six cents a copy. The illustrations are always worth more than that money; and if any purchaser does not like the sentiments he finds here he can abstain from any future purchase. You, Mr. Smith, ought to understand that you confer no favor upon any body but yourself in buying the paper, and that no sentiments are "forced" upon any body "under the guise of illustrations" or in any way whatever.

You say that the paper, notwithstanding its professions, dabbles in party politics. The remark betrays your sympathies. The country is in mortal peril from a conspiracy to overthrow the Government and to perpetuate Slavery. The stability of that Government is the security of all the rights and property of the citizens. Its defense, therefore, is not only the instinct of patriotism and honor, but of individual interest. But the defense of the Government is in no sense a party measure, except as it tends to bring to grief the party of rebels, Copperheads, and foreign enemies. Instinctively, therefore, and with the consent of all our convictions and faculties, we support the Government. It is not because it is Democratic or Republican, but because it is the Constitutional Government of the United States. If General Dix, a life-long Democrat, were President, we should do exactly what we do when Abraham Lincoln, a life-long Whig, fills the chair. It is not a question of persons or of parties, but of principle and of national existence.

We support also every necessary measure of war. We are, indeed, most sincerely rejoiced that the war waged upon the Government to secure the supremacy of slavery offers the opportunity for settling the eternal vexation of our history, and the constant menace of our peace and permanence, by overthrowing slavery itself. Our conscience and common sense alike approve the emancipation policy. But we support it not as a party measure, for it is not one. There are plenty of the President's political friends who did not like it. We support it not as a Democratic or Republican policy, but as the policy of common sense happily authorized by the Constitution. And upon this ground we stand side by side with the most eminent Democrats, such as Generals Butler, Logan, Grant, Rosecrans, and Burnside, who know exactly what the war demands.

In thus supporting the Government and its policy, in the war of self-defense against the foulest rebellion, we are of course the enemies of all its enemies, whether they are rebels or Copperheads, Englishmen or Frenchmen. We especially denounce and pursue Horatio Seymour, because he is the chosen representative of the policy which aims to pinion the arms of the Government while the rebellion stabs it to the heart. We oppose him, earnestly and constantly, because, in a crisis when national danger should obliterate all party lines, he is a persistent and shameless political partisan. We oppose him because, in all this fierce and momentous struggle, no sincere word of sympathy for his country, or her defenders, or her cause has even by chance dropped from his lips or pen; because all his words justify treason and palliate rebellion, and all his acts perplex the Government and prolong the war; because he is openly counted by the rebel leaders and papers as one of their "friends;" and because the most disloyal, dangerous, and criminal of the population are called by him "friends" of his own. We oppose Horatio Seymour for precisely the same reasons that we do Jefferson Davis, because we believe him to be an enemy of the Government, and because he openly declares that he would rather see the Union dissolved than slavery destroyed. We do not oppose him as a Democrat any more than we oppose Judah Benjamin as a Democrat, but as we combat Vallandigham as an accessory to national dishonor and ruin. We do not oppose him as a Democrat, because John A. Dix, Joseph Holt, and Andrew Johnson are quite as good Democrats as Horatio Seymour, and we stand by them shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart.

What we say to you here, and now, has been said a hundred times in this paper. There is nothing equivocal in its position. It knows no party but the country, no politics but all measures necessary for its salvation.

Yours truly,
Dear Mr. Smith,
The Lounger.

STUDY FOR A COPPERHEAD EDITORIAL.

We have fallen upon evil times. We assist at the death-throes of the republic. From the moment when Abraham Lincoln haughtily refused to invite our outraged Southern brothers to state upon what terms they would consent to remain in the Union our doom has been sealed. *Carthago delenda est!* Not content with overrunning the fair fields of the South with an army which our Southern brothers, in their circumstances, may be pardoned for calling a Vandal horde—not satisfied with the effort, which history will fitly characterize, to plunge peaceful Southern society into the blackest gulf of massacre, rape, and fire, Abraham Lincoln, whom our naturally exasperated Southern brothers stigmatize with characteristic poetic fervor as a gorilla, has not hesitated to trample upon all law, all securities of social order, all the guaranteed rights of American citizens, turning the entire North into a huge Bastile, a colossal continental dungeon, which echoes and re-echoes continually with the moans and cries or the futile shouts of indignation of the oppressed but helpless people beneath his heel.

We have not failed in our duty. We have warned and again warned the American people in the most solemn manner that they were in mortal peril from this man whom our warm-blooded and excited Southern brothers have often picturesquely described as a drunken ape. But our advice to the country has been in vain. We have mourned to our fellow-citizens, and they have not wept. And now behold the result! The last sublime point of audacity has been scaled by the fanatical feet of him whom our brothers of the South, with startling emphasis, have, with what justice let time determine, denounced as the tyrant Lincoln.

The Confiscation Act, the atrocious, absurd, and inoperative Emancipation Act (alas for the delicate wives and daughters of the sunny South!), and the Habeas Corpus Suspension were blows under which this unhappy land still staggers—the recreant land, which sees a noble martyr and exile sighing upon the Canadian shore, and yet does not in thunder tones cry to him, "Come over and help us!"

But these were only the ring and the halter by which the country and our liberties were to be drawn down to receive the finishing blow. That has at last descended. America is discrowned among the nations. We are lost forever, unless under the leadership of tried statesmen, a Seymour, a Wood and his brother, a Vallandigham, and a Wickliffe, we strike a despairing blow and conquer the conqueror.

Details are useless. In the universal wreck why specify any single loss? But the final damning proof of the utter subserviency of the present imbecile Administration to the rankest Puritan fanaticism is the proclamation for Thanksgiving! What is Thanksgiving? It is a Yankee, Puritan, Roundhead, sniveling, snuffling, canting, hypocritical institution. It smells of baked beans, roast turkey, and Indian pudding, not to say pumpkin-pies and soft custards. Pah! We desire in all coolness to see the Constitutional warrant for such an appalling innovation upon national customs. We call for chapter and verse. It is an outrageous and illegal ebullition of that Roundhead spirit of Phariseeism which incessantly bloats New England conceit. Why, let us ask—why should we return thanks for the wasted fields and desolate homes of our Southern brothers? Why should we be glad that England stops the Confederate rams? Are we grown such caitiffs that we are unwilling to give fair play to an honorable antagonist? O tempora! O mores!

But is it possible that the despotism under which we live—or, rather, die—has so paralyzed our faculties that we do not see the claw in this smooth-seeming paw? Is not this Thanksgiving notoriously a *State institution?* Was it not always appointed by the Puritan Governors and their imitators? And shall we, without a murmur, see the Washington tyranny sweep this poor State-right away? Awake, freemen! Arise, ye oppressed! Let the imperial State of New York rally around her beloved and honored head. Let him take up the gauge so scornfully hurled at him and at our sovereignty, and say to Lincoln and his minions, in their teeth, that the people of the country have had enough of Yankee fanaticism, of Puritanism, and of cant, and are resolved to vindicate the majesty of State rights, and to appeal to the hearts of our betrayed Southern brothers, which yearn for the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is, and to insist upon their mentioning the terms of their submission. Could we but see Seymour President, Robert Toombs Secretary of State, General Lee in the War Department, and Fernando Wood in the Treasury, we should feel sure that the country was redeemed, and that we should have no more occasion for canting Thanksgiving proclamations.

THE FRENCH PAMPHLET.

The late French pamphlet by Michel Chevalier has been wisely translated and printed in the New York *Times*. It treats the United States as the Czar treated Turkey. Turkey was a mortally sick man upon whose estate Russia must administer. So, in Mr. Chevalier's view, speaking unquestionably what the Emperor wishes to have generally believed, the United States Government is virtually overthrown, and France must "consecrate final separation." It is impossible for any American but a rebel or a Copperhead to read this shameless pamphlet of one of Louis Napoleon's literary lackeys without a boiling of the blood. But we wish now, as briefly and coolly as possible, to state the substance of the work.

It is divided into four parts. The first begins by remarking that distant wars are always unpopular in France. Hence it is a second-rate colonial power. Frenchmen in war look to glory, and not to politics or business. When England and Spain withdrew from the treaty of Soledad, there was but one feeling of regret in France at the necessary war with Mexico. The active opponents of the war said that France was going to impose a Government; and Juarez, who was false to his oaths, and whose administration was deplorable, was represented as the choice of the Mexicans. It was said, too, that the Emperor was too adventurous, and the first ill-success at Puebla awoke the echoes of the Palais Bourbon (Prince Napoleon's party), and endless calumnies were cast upon the project.

The war is more than justified by the wrongs of France. She aims to help the Mexicans choose a Government which pleases them. After the Puebla failure it was resolved to have force enough to secure success. Others saw only glory in the plan, but Louis Napoleon had laid down a new policy. In his instructions to Forey he says that France wishes the United States well, but does not wish to see her the sole distributor of the products of the New World. She must oppose the absorption of the Southern by the Northern American States, and also the diminution of the Latin races upon the Western continent. The interest which carries France to Mexico has already given her sympathy to secession. The French army in Mexico is but the van-guard of a great commercial immigration. Napoleon III. has long planned what he is doing, and he will push it to its completion.

The second part of the pamphlet is devoted to a survey of the soil, climate, and resources of Mexico. Why are they not turned to better account by the Mexicans? Because anarchy is fomented by the leaders, and the people are too feeble in numbers for the territory; of these people, also, the Indians and Creoles are too lazy or tyrannical. The Mexican soil demands intelligent immigration and capital. Now the tranquillity and solidity of French institutions pushes away from her soil all kinds of colonists. Give them protection, and they will go to Mexico. It is thus a national interest that takes France to Mexico; and whether Maximilian accepts or not, French influence will remain there. The French army carries to Mexico—1st, cohesion; 2d, order; 3d, industry; 4th, an army. At home the empire has utilized Socialism and conquered anarchy. It wishes to do this in Mexico; but it can not do it with profit and security until after the recognition of the Confederate States.

The third part opens by the remark that the war has shown Europe how much she was menaced by the power of the United States. At her own cost she has learned how precarious is an industry which depends upon a single source of material, with all the vicissitudes to which it is subject. England has no particular interest in ending the war. She sees with satisfaction a great power destroying itself, and she fears for Canada, which, at the end of the war, the North might seize as compensation for the lost South. While the war lasts her commerce profits and she sells arms to both sides, and is all the time developing in India the cotton culture. She will not be the first to recognize the South. Her rejection of both the overtures of France to that end shows that. But France can only look to the South for cotton, which, for quality and cheapness, is the best of all. This the Federals know, and the war is one of interest. Emancipation is a pretext to win the liberals of Europe. If victorious, the Federals would not emancipate for fear of hurting the cotton culture. In Europe we understand their coarse cry of freedom. We see what judicial liberty they have at the North, and the Governor of Minnesota offers twenty-five dollars for an Indian scalp. If the Federals conquer, the poor negroes will suffer. The European power which first recognizes the Confederacy can exact conditions favorable to the blacks. If France be the first, humanity and progress are secure. Emancipation at some time will come from the alliance between France and the Confederates. Besides, slavery need be no bar to recognition. France has cordial relations with many slaveholding nations. The Northern States saw long ago this result of emancipation from the alliance of some foreign power with the South, and the Monroe doctrine was but a policy of insurance against civilization.

The men of the North have destroyed every guarantee of liberty in order to hold the provinces which yield them a support. The model republic is gone. The men of the North would never confess the superiority of the men of the South, but the latter have furnished the great statesmen and most of the Presidents. They are mere peddlers, and lest the South by its intelligence should destroy the rampart against *Europeanism*, the North would even annihilate the Confederate States. It is the North which has supported Juarez in Mexico. The war in America can serve France only if it ends in separation: for, *first*, the Confederates will be our allies against the North; *second*, Mexico in our hands and the North kept off, will do all she can; *third*, our manufacturers will be sure of cotton.

The fourth part declares that the American question must be solved at once. There is no peace possible in the reconstruction of the Union. The North is powerless in ideas, arms, and production, and can not absorb the South. Consequently separation ends the war. While Europe believed that the North was fighting insurgents it was its duty to do nothing. But the South has made out its policy, its programme, and its rights; the peculiar interest of France conforms to it; and the moment she recognizes the Confederate States their force is increased five-fold. The secondary commercial nations will consent, and if slavery has frightened them, they will be satisfied that humanity will be cared for when France leads. Spain, which owns Cuba, will follow. Austria, if Maximilian accepts, will, of course, assent. And England will not refuse. The North will abandon the struggle, and in case of need the French military marine would support those diplomatic acts.

As a defense of French Mexican and American policy this pamphlet, of which we have given a faithful analysis, is neither brilliant nor forcible. It is merely a painful special plea for a foregone conclusion. It suggests and sounds public sentiment in France. In no other way does it help Louis Napoleon to answer the question upon which depends the peace of the world, whether he will remain in Mexico. To stay is to imperil France. To go is to endanger himself.

A YEAR TOO LATE.

It is hinted in the *Index*, the rebel organ in London, and by a newspaper correspondent from Baltimore, who seems to have intimate communications with the rebel managers, that it is not impossible that Davis will in some way try the experiment of arming the negroes. In a speech delivered two years ago Mr. Wendell Phillips said that Davis would certainly do it, and he urged it as a reason for our getting the start of him. The rebels are already too late.

By such an act the entire theory of the rebellion falls. That theory is, that slavery is the true foundation of liberty; that the doctrine of the United States Government is impossible and false; and that in the Southern States no relation between whites and blacks is possible except that of slavery. Moreover, all the pretense of revolution disappears with such an act. The constitutional right of secession having been proved to be simply the constitutional right of anarchy, the only pretext left to the rebels was the right of revolution against an apprehended oppression, which was to consist in some assault upon the system of slavery. When the rebels arm and free slaves, therefore, they confess that they can not build upon the corner-stone they have so carefully quarried out of fog; and they do the very thing themselves the fear of which from others they allege as a justification of this bloody war.

Of course no considerations of logic or common sense would influence them in so momentous an act. They would do it in hopeless spite, as a savage throws his tomahawk at a victorious foe.

But how many hands can they spare from their corn-fields? How much do the slaves know of the scope of the war? How far can they be trusted with arms in their hands? How much will they believe of a promise of freedom? Which army will they suppose to be their true friend? Whose victory would they imagine would secure their liberty? In a word, will they believe Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis? These are a few of the questions which the rebel chiefs must ask themselves, and quake as they ask. They are questions which only the experiment can answer. But the slaves know now that our success is their freedom. The rebel subterfuge of emancipation would come too late.

MASTERS AND LACKEYS.

The peace party, which burns Orphan Asylums and murders innocent and defenseless men, women, and children, and then, by the mouth of its leader, Fernando Wood, talks about the Prince of Peace and brotherly love, has just received a blow from the rebels whose bloody treason it is trying to serve. On the 28th of September a resolution was introduced into the Virginia House of Delegates for inquiring into the tone and temper of the people of the United States upon the subject of peace. The House, *by a unanimous vote*, put its foot upon the resolution.

These rebel gentlemen can not make their Northern lackeys understand. They told them long ago that they were willing to use them, but in their own way. After separation, and when the corner-stone of slavery has been firmly planted, they have signified that it will still be their pleasure to trade with the North. But, as they expressly told Mr. Vallandigham, only upon condition of holding their noses. They no more wish a renewal of association with the Copperhead apostles of peace than they wish to live in their own slave-pens. Until they were ready to secede their Northern allies were, in their estimation, good enough cattle, like their other "servants," for their purposes. But having milked them dry, they have done with them. And now when the vaccine herd, breathing palm branches and fraternity, propose to share their masters' quarters, the amused and indignant masters can not kick them away.

It is not the first job which the rebel gentlemen have undertaken and could not do. But they may be consoled. The loyal people of the country will manage a spurious "peace" party as they manage an open rebellion. When a lion brays the most stupid shepherd does not fear the skin.

A PENNSYLVANIA DOCUMENT.

In the year 1857 Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, published a book called "The American Citizen," which we carefully read, wondered how Mr. Hopkins ever came to be Bishop in any Church of intelligent and Christian men, and laid aside to the oblivion for which we supposed it to be destined. Of the ability of this instructor of the American citizen his pupils may judge by looking at page 85 of his book, upon which he says, "*I am compelled to conclude that, under the Constitution, no Romanist can have a right to the free enjoyment of his religion.*" And do you ask how the Bishop reaches this astonishing conclusion? Because, he says, the Constitution has made "the free exercise of religion" one of the supreme laws of the land! Of course it is incredible. But you will find it upon page 85 of the Bishop's book; and you will be very likely to say, as you read, what Mr. Squeers said when there was very little breakfast, and that very bad, "Here's richness!"

In a large part of this notable volume the Bishop explains, defends, justifies, and commends the system which whips women to force them to work without wages, and sells their children to pay the debts of the whipper. The substance of this part was published by the "Democratic State Central Committee" of Pennsylvania, and was widely circulated in that State as a Copperhead campaigning document, in company with a speech of Judge Woodward, the Copperhead candidate for Governor, in which he takes similar ground with the Bishop. The fact shows that the merits of our great controversy are most rapidly coming to light. The friend of the rebels, for whose success they prayed, and for whom every Copperhead voted, appeared as the open advocate of slavery, supported by a Bishop. But let us not fail to mention that the Bishop of Pennsylvania and his leading clergy did not hesitate to protest, as men and Christians and citizens, against the infamous views set forth by the Vermont Diocesan. The Bishop and the Judge, working for slavery, and consequently for rebellion, encountered also another tremendous antagonist. While they were talking smoothly about the "divine sanction" and "the brotherly love" of this foul social remnant of barbarism and the dark ages, and while the Copperheads carefully spread their talk before the people of Pennsylvania, the loyal men of that State issued a pamphlet, in which the truth is told from experience, and the sophisms of the clergyman and the politician were utterly scattered and demolished.

This was done by printing a few extracts from the Bishop's letter or the Judge's speech, and then illustrating them by copious and thrilling passages from the terrible book of Mrs. Kemble, "A Residence on a Georgian Plantation." It was an argument which no man was so dull that he could not comprehend. Every farmer in every remote nook of Pennsylvania, who had been taught that Democracy consisted in "damning niggers," and who therefore lent a willing ear to the divine and the lawyer theorizing about slavery, suddenly saw and felt to the bottom of his heart what slavery is. Let every honest man in the land see it and feel it also, and the rebellion, with its Copperhead bulwark, would be swept away like a leaf by the ocean.

The Union and Loyal Leagues of this State can do the great cause no better service than a universal distribution of this Pennsylvania pamphlet, or of a cheap edition of Mrs. Kemble's book. Meanwhile, if any sincere man is troubled for a moment by the argument of Bishop Hopkins, that God meant that babies should be bred for sale, let him read Goldwin Smith's conclusive reply to the question, "Does the Bible sanction American slavery?"

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

Major-General John A. Logan returned to his command at Vicksburg September 14, and had an enthusiastic reception.

General Price is reported to have been raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Confederate army.

Generals M'Cook and Crittenden are relieved of their commands, and ordered to report at Indianapolis. The 20th and 21st Army Corps, formerly under these Generals, are consolidated, called the 4th Army Corps, and placed under command of General Gordon Granger. A Court of Inquiry is to inquire into the conduct of the deposed Generals at the battle of Chicamauga.

A movement is on foot in Massachusetts to procure an elegant sword for presentation to General Banks as a special recognition of the taking of Port Hudson.

Lieutenant A. M. Bradshaw, Assistant-Quarter-master, has been promoted to the rank of Captain and ordered to the Department of the Gulf.

Major Sidney Coolidge, of Boston, reported to have been killed at Chattanooga, is a prisoner, supposed to be wounded. He was second in command of the regulars under Brigadier-General John H. King.

Captain Maffit had resigned the command of the privateer *Florida* in consequence of ill-health. Lieutenant Barney was likely to succeed him.

Brigadier-General Robert Anderson, in response to an inquiry from the War Department, has stated that the flag which he hauled down from Sumter on the occasion of its surrender to the rebels is still in his possession, and has never left his custody.

In 1856 four officers in our regular army, three of whom belonged to one regiment, imported four French sabres, exactly alike in pattern and workmanship, for their own use. Two of these officers—Robert E. Lee and Fitzhugh Lee—are now in the rebel army, and the other two—Colonel D. B. Sackett and Lieutenant-Colonel A. P. Porter—are in the army of the Union.

Major-General Barnes, the new Military Governor of Norfolk, arrived in that city on 30th ult., and entered upon the duties of his office.

Colonel Ulric Dahlgren arrived at Washington last week. His wound is of a very painful and complicated character. Two amputations have been performed, besides several other operations; but the surgeon is now sanguine of effecting even a more satisfactory cure than has been for some time anticipated.

General Patrick will for the present continue his duties as Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac, General Meade finding it extremely difficult to dispense with his services.

Colonel Percy Wyndham, who only a few days ago resumed command of his brigade of cavalry, has been relieved from duty in the Army of the Potomac.

Major Charles J. Hoyt, Paymaster of Volunteers, who was summarily dismissed the service, has been reappointed, it having been ascertained that the dismissal was based upon charges made against another officer of the same name, and that Major Charles J. Hoyt bears the highest reputation for integrity and correctness, and that his accounts are considered at the Paymaster-General's office as satisfactory and correct as those of any paymaster in the army.

A Board of Medical officers, to consist of Surgeons J. J. B. Wright, E. H. Abadie, and Assistant-Surgeon J. H. Hill, U.S.A., has been ordered to convene at New York City on the 15th inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the examination of candidates for appointment as Assistant-Surgeons in the regular army, and such Assistant-Surgeons as may be brought before it for promotion as Surgeons.

Lieutenant-Colonel Delaney, of Cobb's Georgia Legion, from Athens, Georgia, died at Washington on the 3d inst., of a wound received in a recent skirmish on the Rapidan.

Major-General Schenck arrived at Dayton, Ohio, on 30th ult. on a ten days' leave of absence. He left General Tyler temporarily in charge of the Maryland Department. There is no foundation for the report of his removal.

Major F. N. Clarke, Fifth United States Artillery, is under orders to proceed to Boston, Massachusetts, and take post there as Superintendent of Recruiting Service, and Chief Mustering and Disbursing officer for the State. Major W. H. Sidell, Fifteenth United States Infantry, goes to Louisville, Kentucky, on similar duty.

General Sigel addressed a Union meeting in Philadelphia on 30th ult. He rapidly reviewed the events of the war and its successes, and predicted that it would not be long before all the armies of the Union would be victorious. The great principle of self-defense compelled the Government to engage in this war.

General Blunt and staff arrived at Fort Scott on Wednesday, September 23. He will be there until the 12th of October, to finish up the recruiting business, and make final settlement of the claims of the Kansas brigade.

A St. Louis paper says that the Department of Kansas will be commanded by General M'Neil. General Curtis declined the honor of succeeding Blunt, who, report says, is under arrest.

First-Lieutenant Arthur F. Small, Adjutant Eleventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, First-Lieutenant Oscar G. Clement, First Company Andrew's Sharp-Shooters, Massachusetts Volunteers, and Second-Lieutenant Thomas H. Reed, Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, have been cashiered for conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen, drunkenness, and breach of arrest.

The evidence in the case of General Milroy has been reviewed by the Judge-Advocate-General and submitted to the President for his decision, which has not yet been promulgated.

Colonel James A. Tait, First District of Columbia Volunteers, has been dismissed the service by order of the President. He was Provost Marshal General of the defenses south of Washington last winter, and was charged with neglect of duty and disobedience of orders, for which he was tried and honorably acquitted; but General Heintzelman, commanding the department, disapproved the finding of the court, alleging that the evidence adduced showed that the charges were conclusively proved. The case was referred to the President, who ordered Colonel Tait to be dismissed.

Colonel Ramsay has been appointed Brigadier-General, and assigned to the charge of the Ordnance Bureau, which he has filled since the retirement of General Ripley.

Colonel Delancey, recently captured by the rebels, was attached to Governor Pierpont's staff. He was at the time sojourning at the house of a relative several miles from Alexandria.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHATTANOOGA.

At last accounts both armies were confronting each other, and General Rosecrans had established three lines of defense in front of the town, while General Bragg was at the same time fortifying Missionary Ridge. General Rosecrans's reinforcements reached him on 2d, and his army is now believed to be larger than ever.

The Richmond *Examiner* admits that General Rosecrans's position is impregnable, and that the attempt of the rebel General Imboden to cut off the communication between Rosecrans and his reinforcements on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had proved a failure.

BURNSIDE'S POSITION.

The position of General Burnside's command is announced in a dispatch from Knoxville. His right wing is in communication with the army of General Rosecrans. He holds the entire country south from Knoxville to Calhoun, on the Hawassee River, and east of the former point as far as Greenville, on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. He also holds possession of all the passes into North Carolina.

BRIDGE BURNED AT MURFREESBORO.

Accounts from Nashville of 5th state that the enemy had destroyed the large railroad bridge south of Murfreesboro. They burned one portion of it, and the other portion they cut down.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Affairs remain unchanged in General Meade's army, and with the exception of some skirmishing between the pickets on either side of the Rapidan, and the firing of the rebel batteries occasionally on our foraging parties, there is nothing to disturb the repose which both Union and rebel soldiers are enjoying in the delicious weather which prevails in the vicinity of the Rapidan.

CHARLESTON.

We have news from Charleston to the 1st inst. Our forces were progressing with the erection of batteries on Morris Island. The troops were in fine health and spirits. Official reports from Admiral Dahlgren have been received at the Navy Department to the effect that the land and naval forces are not idle in their operations. Our guns were making terrible havoc on Forts Sumter, Johnson, and Simpkins. The enemy's batteries on Fort Moultrie replied briskly.

AFFAIRS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Dispatches from Cairo to the 3d state that over two thousand Arkansas Unionists have joined our army at different points; that two newspapers have been revived at Little Rock, and that the railroad between Duvall's Bluff and Little Rock is in charge of Colonel Meade, brother to General Meade, of the Army of the Potomac. The steamer *Robert Campbell*, from St. Louis to Vicksburg, was fired by incendiaries, near Milliken's Bend, on the 29th ult. The flames spread so rapidly that the passengers were forced to jump overboard before the boat could be got to shore. Twenty-two lives were lost, including several officers of the Federal army.

A RECONNOISSANCE AT MOBILE.

There has been a brush between our gun-boats and the rebel fort at Grant's Pass, near the entrance of Mobile Bay, in which the fort is believed to have been materially damaged, as well as a rebel iron-clad that for a brief time participated in the engagement.

RUMORED CONSPIRACY AT THE WEST.

Several persons have been arrested and placed in irons in St. Louis, owing to a report that a conspiracy exists there to burn all the steamers in Western waters which may be of any service to the Government. An investigation is now on foot which will probably unravel the mystery of this desperate undertaking, if any such should be in contemplation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MASON WITHDRAWN FROM ENGLAND.

Mr. Mason's removal from the position of rebel envoy in London is confirmed. The English journals deny that he ever enjoyed a diplomatic character. The writers say that the door of Earl Russell's official chamber was invariably closed against him in a "polite" manner, and that the Davis manœuvre of calling him from London can not alter the neutral course of the Government, or entrap the Cabinet into a recognition, even by a "side wind."

FRANCE.

THE PIRATE AND OUR CRUISERS.

La France says a Federal steam corvette (*Kearsage*) had arrived at Brest from Madeira, having been sent, with another Federal corvette, in pursuit of the *Florida*. The *Florida* leaves Brest on the 23d, completely repaired, and proceeds immediately to meet the second Federal corvette, which is at Lisbon, and attack her before she can be joined by the one at Brest, which is repairing.

La France says the Federal corvette *Kearsage* will be treated at Brest like the *Florida*. Both belligerents will enjoy the same rights and advantages.

RUSSIA.

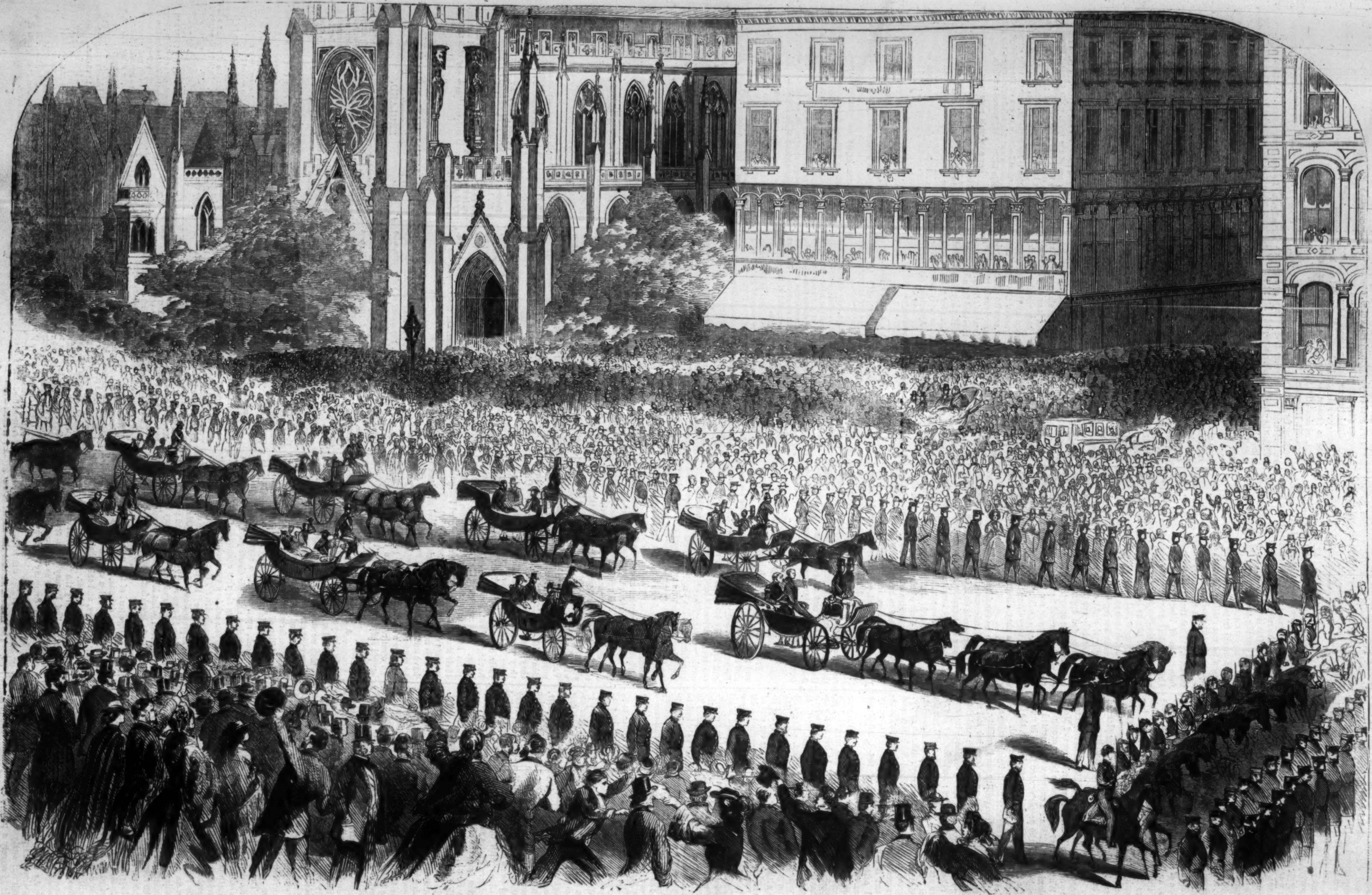
A BOLD STAND ON THE POLISH QUESTION.

Russia had replied to the French note on the Polish question. The State paper reiterates the determination of the Czar to deal with the subject himself. Prince Gortschakoff adds that the Emperor of Russia can not "permit" the affairs of his provinces, to which no international relations apply, being ever alluded to by the other Powers, even "incidentally" or in a "friendly" manner.

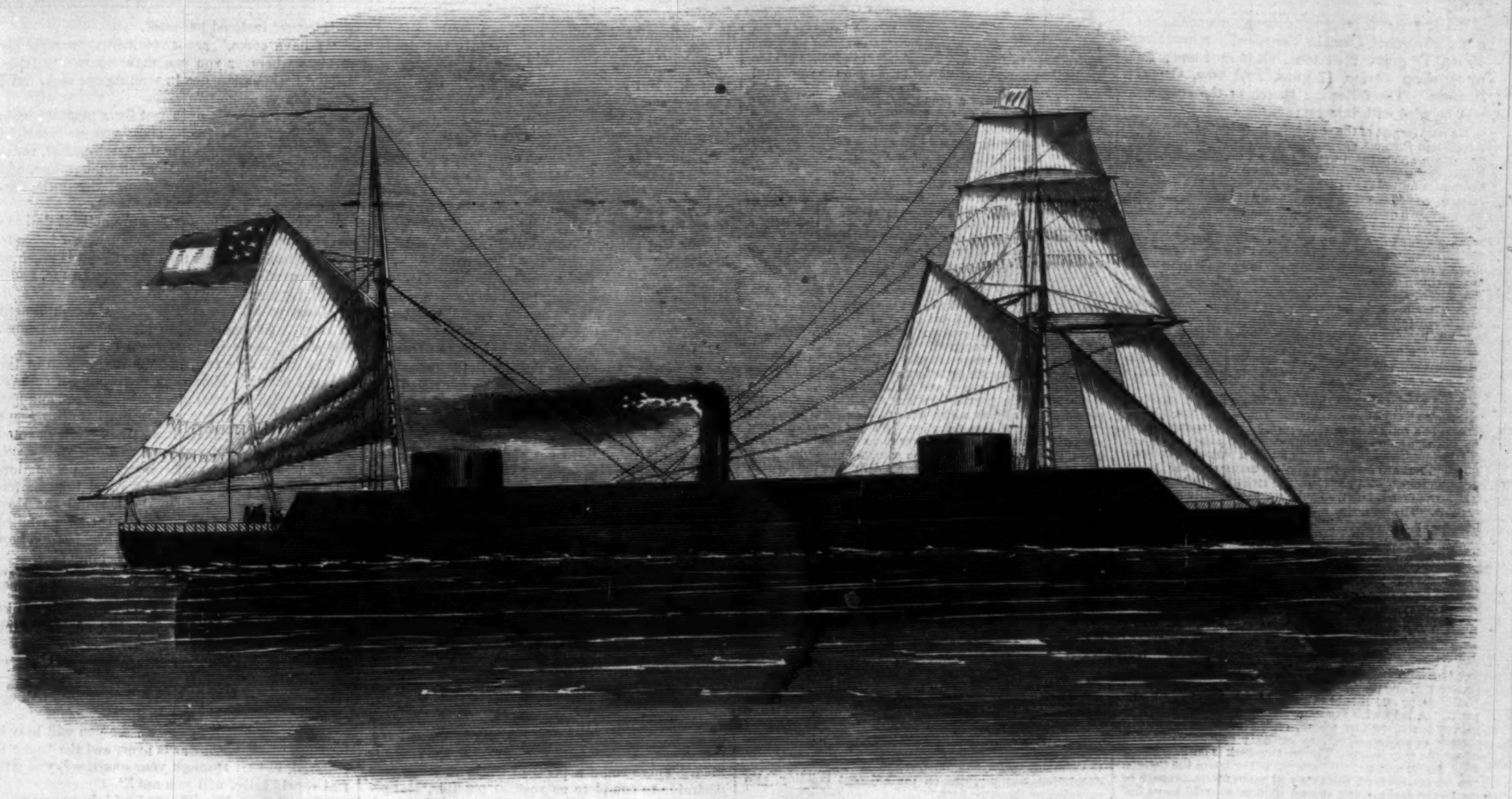
AUSTRIA.

MORE ROYAL ALLIANCES.

The Archduke Louis of Austria—brother of Maximilian—is to be married to the daughter, the only child of the Emperor of Brazil. The London *Post* regards the event of very high importance, as two thrones on this side of the Atlantic—that of Mexico and Brazil—may soon be filled by members of the house of Hapsburg, who will mutually support each other. The London *Post* speaks of such a royal accomplishment with favor.



THE GRAND PROCESSION OF OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS THROUGH BROADWAY, UNDER ESCORT OF THE MILITIA AND POLICE.—[See Page 662.]



THE ANGLO-REBEL PIRATES—STEAM-RAM BUILDING FOR THE REBELS IN THE CLYDE, SCOTLAND.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.]

THE ANGLO-REBEL RAMS.

THE picture of one of LAIRD'S ANGLO-REBEL RAMS, which we give below, is from a drawing obtained by some patriotic citizens who were lately in England. They smuggled an artist into the yard in which this unscrupulous knave, Laird, is building his pirates, and succeeded in getting a pretty thorough picture. Both vessels are alike. A correspondent of the Providence *Journal* thus describes them:

In company with an intelligent and experienced shipmaster we crossed the "Tranmere Ferry," and arrived at the yard at 10½ A.M. The "ram" on the stocks was of the same dimensions as the one previously built. In length about two hundred and fifty feet, forty feet beam, and twenty feet depth of hold, as near as could be judged by the eye. The "stem" is of oiled iron, about six or eight inches thick and twelve or fifteen wide. The bottom is flat, with a slight keel, and the screw as usual, but protected in the conformation of the stern. The "ram" is a projection of solid steel, of the same thickness as the stem, and from six to eight feet beyond this perpendicular line, resembling more nearly in form an inverted nose. When the vessel floats this formidable appendage is below the water-line and invisible. As the clock struck eleven the last block was "knocked from under," and the vessel moved steadily and gracefully into the water. The English ensign was flying from a spar at the "stern-post," and as the hull left the shed the "French" colors were raised at the stem. The momentum acquired carried the vessel nearly across the Mersey, where it was taken in tow by steam-tugs and brought into dock, beside the first built. There were several ladies and gentlemen on the launch, friends of the builders, and doubtless many representatives of the so-called "Confederacy," citizens and sympathizers. The other "ram" had her iron masts, spars, and rigging in place. The masts are tubular, and the topmasts intended to be inclosed as a spy-glass. The forecastle and poop-deck are of boiler-iron, and are calculated and arranged for being shot away in action.

"The bulwarks are hung with heavy strap hinges, intended to be lowered in action, so as to give clean, flush decks, and to facilitate the boarding of an adversary. There are two turrets or towers, about twenty feet in diameter and ten in height. They are placed partly above and below decks; are pierced for two heavy guns each, entered below decks through six man-holes; they are built of very heavy boiler iron on the outside and inside, and to be filled in with a foot's thickness of wood or some more resisting material. They revolve on twenty-four wheels (similar to the small wheels of a locomotive, radiating from a centre), on axles of wrought iron, to the circle of the diameter of the turrets. The top of the turrets (and deck) is protected by thick iron. One of them is in the rear of the foremast, the other of the mainmast. Between the forward turret and smoke-funnel is the pilot-house, of an octagonal form (if as the model of wood in place), pierced with small sight-holes, and overlooking the turrets. What the arrangements may be for directing the movements of the vessel was not ascertained, as no one except workmen were allowed on board, and the small size of the pilot-house would hardly admit of a wheel on it. Each vessel has a powerful engine of between 300 and 400 horse-power. The hull of the 'ram' nearest completion is first of heavy iron 1 inch in thickness, then a planking of teak-wood 9 inches, and an outer covering of iron plating of 4½ inches thickness. But so well finished is this work that there is no indication of the thickness or strength visible. The tonnage of each must be nearly two thousand tons, and the armament for the turrets was not the only ordnance to be carried on deck. These vessels are of so peculiar a model and construction that I expressed confidently the opinion that under no subterfuge of reasoning or pretext could they be allowed to depart on their intended mission of destruction. The French and English colors were at 'masthead' on this latter vessel also. It was stated that they were for the French Government, but a card from the French Consul denied the rumor. Afterward it was announced that the funds for their construction were furnished by M. Sangier, a French banker, who has a mortgage upon both vessels. The objection that they are unseaworthy seems futile, as the weight of the turrets and machinery is principally below decks. Such an objection certainly was not expressed by my very intelligent companion."

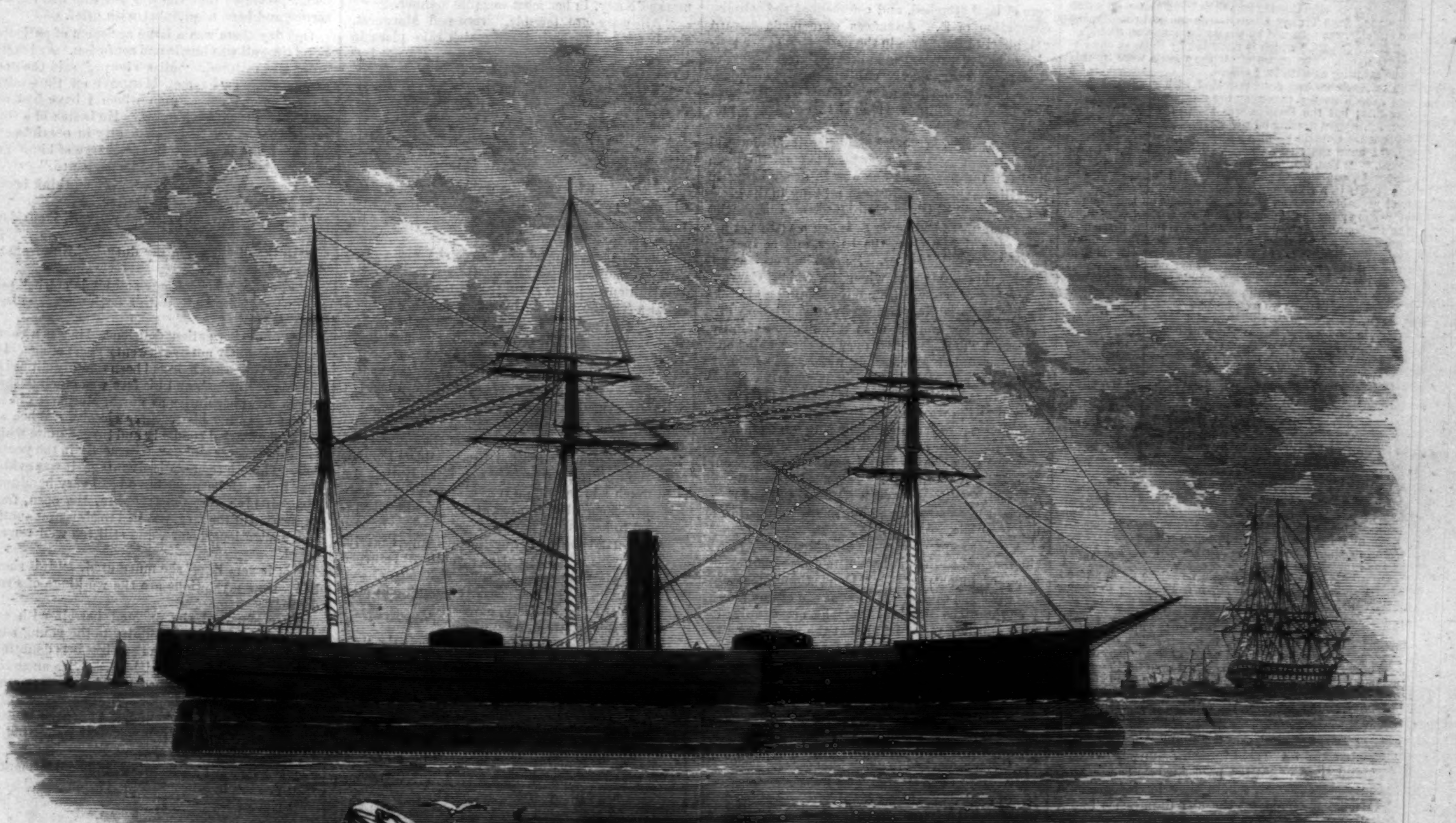
The picture above was likewise taken surreptitiously by an American, who brought it here. The vessel represented is building in the Clyde, and if she gets to sea will be very formidable.

OUR RUSSIAN VISITORS.

WE devote considerable space this week to illustrations of the grand reception given last week to our distinguished Russian visitors. The ceremony was intended to have, and had, a political significance. No notice whatever was taken of the fleets of the British and French admirals lying in the Bay. But every citizen felt bound to do what in him lay to testify to the Russians our sense of gratitude for the friendly manner in which Russia has stood by us in our present struggle, while the Western Powers have done not a little to work our ruin. On pages 664 and 665 we give a general view of

LISOVSKI'S FLEET.

This consists of the flag-ship *Alexander Nevski*, screw frigate of 51 guns, 4500 tons, Captain Fedorovski; the screw frigate *Peresvet*, 48 guns, 3800 tons, Captain Kopytov; screw frigate *Osliaba*, 33



THE ANGLO-REBEL PIRATES—ONE OF LAIRD'S STEAM-RAMS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.]

guns, 2800 tons, Captain Boutakoff; screw sloop *Vitiaz*, 17 guns, 2100 tons, Captain Lund; and screw sloop *Variag*, 17 guns, 2100 tons, Captain Kremer. The following sketch of the squadron will be read with interest:

> The two largest of the squadron, the frigates *Alexander Nevski* and *Peresvet*, are evidently vessels of modern build, and much about them would lead an unpracticed eye to think they were constructed in this country. The frigate *Osliaba* is unlike the other two; she has more the appearance of one of the first of the heavy screw ships built in the European dock-yards. Her bluff bows and full counter do not give evidence of great speed; but she is doubtless a fair goer and fine sea-boat. The two steam corvettes, or sloops, as we term them, *Variag* and *Vitiaz*, are apparently very superior vessels. They are fully equal in tonnage to the steamers in our service of the class of the *Brooklyn*, *Richmond*, and others, and carry very serviceable batteries. They are evidently constructed for speed, and have engines of full power. All these vessels are ship rigged, and are heavily sparred, so much so that if their smoke-stacks were out of sight you would hardly suppose them to be propelled by steam. Their standing rigging appears to be very slight in comparison with our ships of the same class.
>
> The batteries of these ships are of formidable character, although all smooth-bored guns. They are of one calibre, throwing a solid shot of sixty pounds' weight, and of two classes, the long and medium, weighing about sixty and eighty hundred weight. They are of a pattern peculiarly Russian, but are fitted in a similar manner to the broadside guns of our own vessels. The locks and sight are different from ours, but no doubt answer equally as good a purpose. The batteries appear to be in excellent condition, and ready for service at a moment's warning. The guns are polished like mirrors, and every thing goes to show that their crews take pride in keeping their "pets" in proper order, ready for service or inspection of visitors.
>
> The instant you step foot over the gangways of these ships it becomes evident that they are in the hands of men who understand how to keep a ship in the most thorough order. The decks are as white as holy-stones and sand can make them, the paint work spotless, the brass and other bright work shining as if they were cleaned every five minutes; rigging neatly coiled down on deck or on the belaying pins—no ends of [illegible] hanging about—every thing hauled taut and properly belayed, in fact, every thing looks "ship-shape and Bristol fashion"—just as a sailor likes to see it. A lady with the most immaculate skirts and kid gloves can move any where, on deck or below, without danger of soiling either, so perfectly clean every thing about the ship is kept. The quarter-deck is entirely clear, with the exception of the battery; but on board the *Osliaba* the boats—between the fore and main masts—appear to crowd the decks, being stowed in a manner to leave but little space between them and the ship's bulwarks. The gun and berth decks are low in comparison with the heavy ships of our service.

On Thursday, 1st October, the city of New York gave the Russian officers a grand reception. The committee of the Common Council went off in the steamer *Andrews* to present the resolutions to the Admiral. We condense the following account of the

RECEPTION ON BOARD THE "NEVSKI"

(which is illustrated on page 657), from the *Herald*:

> The scene was grand when the *Andrews* cast off her moorings and steamed down the bay, the band of the *North Carolina* regaling the ear with the performance of popular airs. The boat was gayly decorated with the American colors. She did not head right for the Russian fleet, but made a circuit south of Governor's Island, coming round on the west side of the British and French squadrons. As she passed the English line-of-battle ship the band struck up the first bars of "God Save the Queen," but did not play the whole air, probably because there was no sign of recognition or acknowledgment from the deck of the *Nile*. The French squadron was passed without even a note of the "Marseillaise," but when she neared the Russian squadron the band played the national hymn, "God save the Emperor," and the white flag with the blue cross was run up. The compliment was acknowledged by loud *vivas* from the Russian men-of-war. Soon their rigging was filled with white-capped sailors, the Stars and Stripes were given to the breeze, and hundreds of curious eyes peered over the bulwarks of the formidable-looking vessels. As the *Andrews* steamed up to the *Alexander Nevski*—the Russian flag-ship, lying almost on a line westward from Trinity Church—the musical compliment on our side was returned by the performance, on theirs, of "Yankee Doodle," which is regarded by them as our national hymn. The crews of all the vessels were by this time saluting us with loud cheers.
>
> The *Andrews* had been provided with a splendid row boat, the *Waverley*, to convey the committee on board the flag-ship; but the Russian was too polite for that. His own boats were floating on the wave, all ready to take us on board. Captain Faunce hailed the Russian, and shouted, "I have the city authorities here, wishing to go on board." "Yes, Sir," was the response. The boats came alongside, and we had the pleasure of being conveyed to the *Nevski* in a sixteen-oared gig, manned by stout arms, that probably acquired sinew and muscle on the Steppes of Tartary; for the Russian sailors are not obtained from the sea-board, nor are they expected to have any particular aptitude for a sea-faring life. They are taken indiscriminately from the ranks of the peasants, just as the soldiers are; but they make very good seamen notwithstanding. Little barefooted middies or apprentices meet us at the foot of the gangway and at the several landings, and sailors present arms to us as we pass up.
>
> Well, here we are, on board the *Alexander Nevski*, which looks, on deck, large enough to accommodate a fair-sized army, and with ordnance heavy enough to blow up Fort Sumter. The guns, we are told by an officer, are of American make, being cast at Pittsburg. They are modeled somewhat after the Dahlgren pattern. In the midst of the group formed by the Committee of Arrangements and accompanying gentlemen, the Admiral, a small, active, and extremely polite gentleman, wearing the full uniform of his rank, and many decorations and insignia of nobility, is talking with as much volubility as his knowledge of the English tongue permits, and moving about from one point to another, giving directions to his own officers, or saying complimentary things to our civilians. The principal officers of the fleet are near him, all in full dress uniform, and along the opposite bulwark the sailors are ranged as if on parade. Some who have muskets to their shoulders are performing the duties which in other navies are assigned to the marine corps, an organization which is not known in the Russian service.
>
> Up to this time there had been no salute fired, and no official presentation made. Much caution was to be observed in having the small boats out of the range of the guns. At last all was ready. At a signal the sailors who had been standing in ranks on deck sprang up the rigging, not manning the yards, however, as our sailors do. Then the order is given to fire, and as gun after gun reverberates under our feet—the salute is fired from the lower deck—the sailors break out into loud cheers, the band striving hard to play "Yankee Doodle." And thus the salute of twenty-one guns is fired, to the satisfaction of every body, and to the proper observance of official etiquette.

The resolutions of the Common Council duly presented and responded to, the Admiral, his officers, and the Committee proceeded to the foot of Twenty-third Street, where they landed. There they were received by the city dignitaries and a division of militia, and escorted to the city. Our artist sketched the procession from Brady's windows, opposite Grace Church, and we reproduce his picture on page 660. The following from the *Times* report will give an additional idea of the scene:

> After the procession had passed Union Square, and wheeling fairly into the vast current of Broadway, the scene became splendidly animated. The moving pageant rolled in a glittering stream down the broad thoroughfare between banks of upturned human faces, the trappings of the equipages, the gold and silver epaulets of the Muscovite guests and the sabres, helmets, and bayonets of the escort reflecting back in unnumbered dazzling lines the glory of the evening sun. The cavalcade advanced to the joyous time of exulting martial music like the van-guard of a conquering host returning to the metropolis of its power, and there was a proud and gratified feeling evidently in the hearts of the vast concourse assembled to greet it, that would have been befitting to the most important triumphs at home. Far as the eye could reach down the great central avenue of our imperial city, the sidewalks were packed with human beings, and the balconies and windows—nay, in some instances, the very roofs of the buildings above them—were beset with eager multitudes, the general surface of this animated border-work richly varied and enameled, as it were, throughout its length, with groups of richly-attired beauty. Above nearly every building gayly fluttered the Stars and Stripes, some in standards of immense size and others tricked off with scores of little Russian flags, waving and sporting in the breeze side by side with our own national colors. By-the-way it may be remarked that the great Autocracy and the great Republic had the scene all to themselves, no other nation being represented even in bunting—a significant incident of the ovation.
>
> The demonstration on the part of the masses was not so noisy or boisterous as upon former similar occasions, but was none the less earnest and real, the people seeming to appreciate, with peculiar feelings of solemnity, the importance of a display which amounted to little less than an international demonstration. Shouting and cheering were not prevalent, but there was much clapping of hands, and the throngs of ladies in the windows most vigorously waved their 'kerchiefs, to the great delight of the Russian officers, who never left off bowing, smiling, and even uttering their thanks aloud, while they doffed their gold-laced chapeau. One of the Captains manifested almost child-like pleasure, and at almost every moment uttered, in sonorous Russ, his astonishment and admiration at the grace, loveliness, and animation, as well as the cordial courtesy of our fair dames and damsels. On the chill banks of the Neva, perhaps when far away on the boisterous billows of the Black Sea or the Caspian, he will recall, in his lonely midnight vigil, while he paces the storm-beaten deck, the sunny smiles that brightened the autumnal sunshine on the borders of the Hudson.
>
> The Lafarge House, the Metropolitan, and the St. Nicholas Hotels, and several adjacent stores, were neatly adorned with American and Russian standards. The splendid establishment of Tiffany & Co., No. 550 Broadway, displayed in front, and pendent over the street, a Russian flag of huge dimensions, while, arranged crosswise in the shape of an X., and reaching from the coping of the roof to the pavement below, ran two huge blue stripes of bunting, which, against the white marble *façade*, gave to the latter the semblance of another monster Muscovite ensign. This decoration was repeated on the adjacent building, also occupied by the same firm.

MARGARET'S CROSS.

I.

THE Nortonville Sewing Circle was convened at the house of Mrs. Deacon Parker. The ladies present were grouped as chance or choice dictated, and the sound of many voices, blending somewhat inharmoniously, floated out into the supper-room, where the mistress of the house was busily engaged in providing for appetites sharpened by labor. Apart from the other ladies sat one whose thoughts seemed self-centred and little cognizant of what was passing. The hum of conversation rippled about her, but she took no part in it. She was no longer young. Apparently she had passed by some years the half-way house of life. Her expression was thoughtful and grave, and afforded little encouragement to those who would have approached her with the light personal gossip which furnishes the main staple of conversation with commonplace minds. Little was known in Nortonville of her past history, though for ten years she had gone in and out among the people, and lived constantly among them. Just ten years since she had purchased the Holmes cottage with half an acre of land attached, and commenced the solitary occupation of it. Advances were made toward neighborly intercourse in the early part of her residence, but these were so indifferently responded to that the people, partly chilled, partly offended, drew off, and by common consent left Margaret Thorpe to the solitude which she so evidently preferred.

During her ten years' residence it is doubtful whether Margaret had ever been beyond the town limits. Indifferent as she was to every thing in the village, there seemed to be nothing in the great world beyond which specially interested her. Curious neighbors had never detected a visitor at her door save the butcher, the baker, and peripatetic merchants of their class. She seldom crossed another's threshold; yet when the widow Carver's son, a boy of ten, fell from a scaffolding and broke his leg, thus adding materially to the labors of a hard-working mother with a numerous family, Margaret Thorpe walked over to the small house and offered her services as nurse. These were gratefully accepted, not without surprise. Margaret proved faithful to her self-imposed task. Day after day she watched by the sick boy's bedside, evincing a rare tact in anticipating his wants, and furnishing at her own cost fruit and other delicacies such as the mother's scanty means would scarcely have supplied. The mother was deeply grateful, but the awe with which the silent nurse inspired her embarrassed her in the expression of her gratitude.

A softer expression came over Margaret's face as she listened to the mother's attempt to convey her sense of indebtedness. "Don't thank me, Mrs. Carver," she said. "If I have been of any service I ought to be thankful that the opportunity has been afforded me. I feel that the experience has done me good in drawing me for a time out of myself."

Mrs. Carver looked at her with a puzzled face. She was a worthy woman, brought up in a hard-working school, and had few ideas beyond the humble round of her everyday duties.

"She's a strange woman, and I don't understand her," she remarked to a neighbor; "but she's been very good to my George, and I sha'n't soon forget it. I don't know how I could have got along without her. If I knew of any way to thank her I would."

"You might invite her to drop in to tea some afternoon," suggested the neighbor.

"I don't think she would accept the invitation," said Mrs. Carver, doubtfully.

"At any rate you can try the experiment, and if you want some one to help you entertain her I shall be glad to come too."

The invitation, suggested by one whose curiosity sought an opportunity to learn something more of the mysterious resident, was gently but firmly declined, and as a matter of course was never repeated. But Margaret made the little lad whom she had attended in his sickness an exception to the general indifference with which she regarded her neighbors. Not unfrequently she called him as he was passing her door, and gave him some present either designed specially for himself or for his family at home, thus furnishing an illustration of the remark that benefits conferred lead to an interest in those benefited.

This was not a solitary instance of Margaret's kindness. A poor man who had struggled with poverty all his life lost a cow by disease. To him it was a severe loss, which he knew not how to repair. Great was his joy on receiving through the post-office an envelope containing a sum of money sufficient to purchase another animal in place of the one lost. There was nothing to indicate from whom the gift proceeded, but inquiries settled beyond a doubt that Margaret Thorpe was his benefactress. He called upon her and expressed his thanks in earnest words. She said little, but that little was kind. "Do not thank me," she said, "but rather thank Him who has given me the ability to make you happy with what is valueless to myself. If the amount which I sent you proves insufficient to replace your loss let me know."

It may excite surprise that Margaret Thorpe, with her distaste to society, should form one of the busy company convened at Mrs. Deacon Parker's on the present occasion. It was not an ordinary meeting, however, but assembled to sew for a company of soldiers about to leave the village to join our forces in Virginia. This was in the early days of the rebellion, when the lack of public system made such individual efforts more important and necessary than now. Early in the afternoon Margaret Thorpe had presented herself at the door of Mrs. Parker, and in a few words offered her services, if an extra needle could be made available. There being a press of work, which it was desirable to complete as soon as possible, Margaret's offer was not one to be slighted. Even had there been little need to accept it, the ladies would gladly have embraced this opportunity to become better acquainted with the mystery that enveloped their silent neighbor. But Margaret took a quiet seat in a corner, and made it evident by her manner that she had come to work, and not to talk. She appeared wrapt and unobservant, and it is doubtful if she heard a word that passed among her neighbors, no less busy with the tongue than the needle.

Kitty Parker and Jenny Reed watched her from the sofa opposite—watched her with the curiosity of impulsive seventeen. So watching her, Kitty formed the daring resolution to assail the fortress of her reserve and carry it by storm. Jenny, more timid, dared her to the attempt. With a half-laughing glance and a little inward trepidation, Kitty advanced and seated herself in a chair adjoining Miss Thorpe's.

"It is a pleasant afternoon, Miss Thorpe," she commenced, assuming more nonchalance than she felt.

Margaret Thorpe looked up in a little surprise. "Yes," she said, "it is pleasant;" then looked down again at her work.

"Don't you think this is a horrid war?" remarked Kitty, in her most sociable manner.

"All wars are terrible," returned Margaret, slowly; "and perhaps those which take place in the soul, and without outward show, are not less terrible than those of the field."

"I wonder what she means," thought Kitty, pretty but shallow. "Have you got any relations in the war, Miss Thorpe?" she asked, aloud.

"Relations!" repeated Margaret, with a sudden glance at her companion; "I have no near relations."

"Oh!" said Kitty, a little disconcerted by the glance. Then, after a pause, "I sometimes wish that I were a man, that I might go. Don't you, Miss Thorpe?"

The question slipped out before she was aware. After it had fairly passed her lips she looked a little frightened, lest it should seem too familiar.

Miss Thorpe took it in good part. "I don't know," said she. "If I were a man I should feel that it was the path of duty. But women have their duties also. I think I shall go."

"To the war?" inquired Kitty, in amazement.

"Yes," said Margaret, answering the question without a thought of the questioner.

Kitty was thoroughly mystified. Miss Thorpe going to the war! The thought of the grave spinster in regimentals crossed her bewildered mind, and the absurdity struck her so forcibly that she had much ado to stifle a convulsive burst of merriment. Fearful of another attack, she hastily retreated to her former position.

"What did she say?" questioned Jenny, eagerly.

"That she is going out as a soldier," returned Kitty, trying to preserve a sober face.

"How absurd! You are only laughing at me."

"It is true," said Kitty, earnestly.

"Did she say those very words?"

"Well," returned Kitty, thinking a little, "she said she was going to the war."

"As a nurse, of course."

"Well, perhaps it may be that. But the fact is, Jenny, when I was talking with her I felt so nervous that it's no wonder I understood her in such an absurd manner."

Margaret's intention was quickly whispered about among the company, and a few curious glances were directed toward her in consequence. But no one accosted her, and this was all the information which the members of the sewing circle gleaned that day concerning her plans.

II.

A FORTNIGHT later a lady introduced herself to the physician in charge of a large hospital in Washington.

"Miss Thorpe!" he repeated, glancing at the card which she placed in his hand.

Margaret inclined her head.

"I have come," she explained, "to offer my services wherever you can make them available. I have little experience in tending the sick, but I can follow directions."

The doctor let his eyes rest for a moment upon her grave, earnest face. Here was no youthful enthusiast, but a woman mature, self-poised, reliable—one who knew what she had undertaken, and would not shrink however painful the duties imposed upon her.

"Miss Thorpe," he said, "I am obliged daily to decline applications from persons whom I judge to be unsuitable. Unless my discernment is much at fault you will be of great assistance to me, and I gratefully accept your services."

Margaret did not acknowledge the compliment in words. She merely bowed, removed her bonnet and shawl, and said, briefly, "I am ready."

The grave face soon became well known in the hospital wards. More than one wounded sufferer followed with grateful glances her whose hand had cooled his fevered brow, and from whose lips grave words of encouragement had fallen. She devoted herself with special assiduity to those whose suffering was greatest. There was one poor fellow from Vermont, both whose legs had been amputated, who was waiting in the hospital the slow process of healing. Sometimes his courage failed him when he looked forward, and thought from how much his crippled state would cut him off.

"It might have been your life," suggested Margaret.

"Well, there isn't much use in a poor feller like me living, do you think so, Miss?" he said, looking up wistfully into her eyes.

"You have made the sacrifice for your country. Do you regret it?"

The face of the wounded soldier lighted up. "Never, Miss. I'd do it again."

"Then for your country's sake you will bear it bravely. When the war is over, and the Union is restored, in part through your exertions, you will feel repaid fully, will you not?"

"That I shall, Miss Thorpe," said the young man, proudly.

"And you will feel, as long as you live, that you are bearing a life-cross for your country's sake. It will not be easy, but when that thought comes you will not complain."

"Your words have done me good. You must come and talk to me again. I can bear my cross better."

"We all have crosses—some heavier, some lighter. Happy are they who have a compensation like yours."

The soldier looked after her as she glided rapidly from bed to bed in the crowded ward.

"She has her cross, too," he thought. "I wonder what it is."

This was one case—one of many. There are some who diffuse cheerfulness about them without an effort. Margaret Thorpe was not one of these. Her grave face never relaxed into a smile. Yet wherever she went she carried with her an atmosphere of trust and submission which stilled the murmurs of the querulous, raising them to a higher level of patience and a hopeful serenity which permitted Nature to work under more favorable conditions. Much of the effect which her words wrought might be traced to the impression which prevailed that she was one who had known sorrow and been acquainted with grief.

One day there was a large accession of patients. For a time all was bustle and confusion. At length order was restored. "Miss Thorpe," said the doctor, pausing as he met Margaret on the stairs, "there is one young man whom I have had removed to a room by himself. He is sick of a contagious fever. I find a difficulty in obtaining a nurse willing to undertake the charge of him. Yet the poor fellow ought not to be neglected."

"I will take charge of him if you think best," said Margaret, without hesitation.

"I ought to warn you that you will incur danger."

"In the discharge of my duty I shrink from no danger."

"I admire your courage and noble spirit," said the doctor, warmly. With a few necessary directions he left her.

She found her patient delirious. He was a young man, apparently not over twenty years of age. His abundant chestnut hair had been roughly clipped by the doctor's orders, and his face was much flushed. Intent upon her duties as nurse, Margaret did not at first examine his features closely. When she did so she started suddenly and turned quite white. She drew nearer and gazed earnestly in the youth's face. Though seen at disadvantage, it was evident that in health he must have been very handsome. The full blue eye, the fair skin, the open, frank expression of the face, recalled to Margaret another face known long before, and still too well remembered.

"It is very like," she murmured. "If it should be! How mysterious are the workings of Providence!"

Thenceforward she devoted herself with even more than her usual assiduity to the young man's recovery. Had the care been less it is doubtful if the disease would have yielded. With an anxiety which she could not conceal, and a new something in her eyes—was it hope?—Margaret watched for the first sign of a change. At length it came. One afternoon, as the sun was near its setting, her patient opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he asked, in bewilderment.

"You are in a hospital in Washington."

"Have I been sick?"

"Very sick."

"But you think I shall get well?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yesterday I should not have known what to say. To-day I have great hopes of your recovery."

"How long have I been here?"

"It is now ten days."

"And you have taken care of me all that time?"

"Yes; but I fear you are talking too much."

"How kind you have been!" said the young soldier, gratefully.

There was something in his voice and glance which affected Margaret strangely, but with an effort she suppressed all outward signs of emotion.

"Do you think I could write a letter?" he asked, the next day.

"You have not the strength to write yourself; but if you will dictate I will write for you."

Writing materials were brought, and Margaret seated herself at a small table by the bedside.

"It is to my father," the young man said.

The letter was commenced. After an account of his falling sick and being brought to the hospital, the young soldier turned to Margaret, and said, suddenly, "You have never told me your name. I shall wish to remember in after-years to whom I am indebted for my recovery."

"My name is Margaret Thorpe," was the answer somewhat hesitatingly given.

"I shall mention to my father how much I am indebted to you."

"No, no!" said Margaret, hastily.

The young man looked at her in some surprise.

"Promise me," she said, eagerly, "never to mention my name to your father."

"Why should you be unwilling?"

"Regard it as a whim, if you please; I can not explain it."

The letter was finished, and no further allusion was made to the subject. Only on the margin of the letter Herbert Wentworth—for it is time to give his name—contrived, unobserved by Margaret, to write, "Come."

Some days passed. The fever had turned, and Herbert was rapidly regaining his health. Margaret was seated by his bedside reading to him when steps were heard approaching. Supposing it to be the physician, she looked up, composedly. The next minute she had arisen from her seat, and with uncertain steps strove to leave the room.

"Margaret," said the new-comer in a low, clear, penetrating voice.

She turned, irresolutely.

"Now that we have met after so many years, would you leave me so soon?"

"Why should you wish me to remain, Henry? You have had good cause to forget me."

"But I have not forgotten you, Margaret. I have never wished to forget you."

"Even when I wronged you most?"

"Not even then."

He came forward and took her hand. It trembled in his own.

"Ought I to take your hand? Am I worthy?" said Margaret, humbly.

"You have repented the wrong you did me—you have nursed my son back to life. If you sinned you have atoned also. I think you have suffered, Margaret." He said this gently, noting regretfully the changes which time and grief had wrought.

"If you have forgiven me, Henry, I shall live happier henceforth. Yet I wronged myself not less than you. No sooner had I uttered the bitter words that parted us than I would have given worlds to recall them. But my unhappy pride prevented that. From that day we have not met. In solitude I have mourned over hopes which I myself had blighted. My punishment has been not less great than my sin."

"Let both be forgotten. When I go back to Wisconsin, Margaret, will you go with me?"

"Henry!"

"As my wife, Margaret."

"No, no, it can not be."

"When I tell you that it will promote my happiness—that I have a family of young children to whom you can be a second mother—will not that alter your resolution?"

"Give me time to think—it is all so sudden. It is not right that so much happiness should fall to my lot."

Margaret's scruples were at length silenced. At the altar she plighted her faith to him who had so long possessed her heart. The cross which she had so long borne fell from her shoulders. A sweet and grateful peace softened the gravity of her face. When she returned to Nortonville to arrange her affairs previous to her transfer of residence, the villagers hardly recognized in her the cold, statue-like woman who had repelled all by her coldness. They knew not that the lost harmony had been restored to her soul, and that with her the way of duty had led into the path of peace.

SOMETHING LIKE CAMPAIGNING.

"I remember one evening near Westminster, Maryland, which stands out in my memory like an oasis in the desert. We were marching hard, driving Stuart before us. Day and night, with hardly an interval, we had been at it steadily, and every body was in a chronic state of sleepiness. My orderly, Thompson, fell into an uneasy slumber on horseback, and soon afterward his horse followed the example, while in the very act of marching. I heard a sudden shriek behind me, and, looking back, saw Thompson very wide awake sticking his heels violently into his horse's side as the animal, with nodding head, was gently subsiding to the earth. Of course, there were several halts as the column straggled, or got too close. On one occasion, the whole battery, men and horses, who led us in the line of march, got so fast asleep that they did not hear the troops ahead move on; and so we remained stationary for an hour or two, with no idea what could be the matter. The men slid to the ground and lay on the road-side by their horses, and some of the officers followed their example. I, however, felt very wide awake, in a mood for supper and society. Just where we halted was one of those nice snug little villages of Northern Maryland, which are such a contrast to the collections of houses called towns in Virginia. The house nearest to me was cheerful with lights, and had altogether a cozy, home look that was irresistible to a man who had been on rough service at the front for a couple of years. I did not attempt to resist the attraction but moved boldly forward, knocked at the door, and entered.

"Bright lights, soft carpets, pretty furniture, were all pleasant sights to one used to decay and devastation; and a table spread with a white tablecloth, covered with country fare neatly arranged, was by no means disagreeable to a hungry man; but there was something in the room which was more attractive than any of these. There were pretty faces smiling out of nice curled or braided hair, dainty forms rustling in fresh muslin, sweet voices uttering hearty welcome from such charming lips, that my heart gave a bound and throb which made me for a moment lose my appetite. I can not say exactly how many girls there were in that room; I only know that I was encircled in a halo of muslin, my hands grasped by yielding palms, and myself escorted in triumph to the tea-table. There were three or four other officers there already, but I did not find time to speak to them. An angel in curls was asking me if I took sugar and milk, while an ethereal being with black eyes was heaping my plate with cold beef, ham, and pickles. Then a darling little creature, whose beauty did not suggest any thing but pure flesh and blood, was sitting by my side helping me to butter, and asking me with such a sympathizing expression, whether I was not very tired and hungry, that my appetite came back with a vengeance, only disturbed by my desire to talk to her and bring her eyes back to mine. Such eyes! my dear fellow. They did not sparkle or flash or any of that nonsense; but there was such a steady, gentle light in their blue depths that I would have fallen fatally in love then and there, if a pair of black orbs had not done my business a year or two previous.

"Well, Sir, I made an uncommonly good supper; and after that was over, of course, I flirted, or was flirted with, whichever you choose to call it; the first is the proper form of words, the other is most accordant with the facts. And it was all right too. I am sure we had fought enough to win some little attention; and it would have been very unkind in them not to treat us in a different style from the home-keeping youths with very homely wits who were the usual recipients of their little delicate affections. There was a pretty, artless, mischievous-looking damsel of seventeen who soon took possession of me. She sat down on a dear little sofa by my side, and very close indeed, asking me all sorts of questions about marching and fighting, fingering my sabre, and trying to draw it with her little hands. How she thrilled when I told about Brandy Station; what a glow lit up her face as I described our charge; and how sadly she dropped a tear or two as I mentioned our last sight of our dead Major lying across a rebel corpse, his sabre still in his hand! Her head drooped so that it almost rested on my shoulder, and I really could find no place for my left arm except around her waist.

"There was a tall young gentleman in the room, who looked as civilians are apt to look on such occasions, as if he did not know what to do with himself. The young ladies neglected him; we did not want to talk with him; he had no sabre to play with, and no spurs to finish off his boots; and consequently he did not know what to do with his hands and feet or tongue, while he was not civilized enough to keep quiet with a good grace. This tall young gentleman, therefore, chose to occupy himself with me and my companion, and our proceedings did not appear to yield him particular gratification. So, as I rose to take leave, he tried to interpose between us, with some whispered remonstrances to the young lady. Whew! didn't he catch a look! And then the girl flashed out, 'You stay at home, and make money, and have all your comforts about you, and then choose to be jealous of our feelings for those who are giving their lives for us, whom we shall never see again, and may hear of to-morrow as lying dead upon the battle-field! I am not ashamed of what I feel for them, and I am not afraid to show it. Major, good-by! I kiss the sword which I know that you will use well for us, and I kiss you for doing so.' As she said this she put her little hands on my shoulders to lift her face to mine. It was not very hard to bring the two together. And then all the other girls came up and kissed us, and I went away decidedly happy, with something to think about for the rest of the night. That girl gave me a new idea of the duty of young ladies to cavalry officers; and though I did not require others to kiss my sabre, I always insisted on their saluting myself during the remainder of the campaign.

"I had about forgotten the tall young man by the next afternoon, when a rather dashing-looking fellow, in a sort of extemporaneous uniform, mounted on a very good horse, and well armed and equipped, came riding after our column. As soon as he came to where I was he drew rein and addressed me. I then saw that it was the same person who had involuntarily done me such a favor the night before.

"'Major,' he said, 'I ain't much of a soldier or a fine-spoken man, but I am mighty fond of that same little piece that was so smart last night. She got so set up about you fighting fellows that I don't expect to have much of a show, unless I make an offer at the secesh on my own hook. I suppose it won't hurt you much to let me go along and see what's going on, will it? It's only another man dead or alive, you know.'

"It was a queer sort of a proposition, and I took a good look at the fellow to see whether he was a fool or in sensible earnest; for a man of the former kind would have been a perfect nuisance, of course. The man stood my scrutiny well. By daylight, and on horseback, he looked active, vigorous, and intelligent; and there was a gleam of cool daring and perfect self-reliance in his eye which assured me that, though no soldier, he would not be behindhand in a fight. So I told him that, if he chose to act as an orderly to me, he might do so, though, of course, I could not put him in the ranks. I could see, as he assented, that he had a sort of notion that he might enter into a sort of rivalry with me in the next fight, and that he intended to do something heroic at the first opportunity. Naturally amused by the fancy, I turned round to take a fresh look at him as he rode in his citizen fashion beside my other orderly, and I could hardly keep from laughing at the expression with which he and the soldier were contemplating one another. Each had such a perfect conviction of his own superiority, and each was so afraid that the other would not admit it; and at the same time they were each conscious of certain weaknesses in their respective panoplies.

"If I wanted to, I could employ half an hour in detailing the amusing circumstances attending Dan Simpson's campaign with the Jersey cavalry; but they would be merely episodes, and in no way connected with the main incident of my story. So I shall hurry on to the fight at Gettysburg.

"We got on to the field for the second day's fight, and lay behind the right of the line. The rebels at one time drove our infantry from the crest of the hill above us, and we were deployed as skirmishers, dismounted to assist in checking them. I never feel at home or self-reliant on foot, and so I kept the saddle; and though Thompson wisely dismounted, Simpson felt too heroic to descend from his saddle while I remained in mine. The lines were only about two hundred yards apart, and the firing was heavy; but our men, snugly ensconced behind a fence, and lying down, were perfectly safe, and managed to inflict considerable damage upon the enemy. It was the first time that Dan had ever heard the peculiar noise of a Minié ball, and you know the sensation produced by that sound when the shot is approaching you. I heard a laugh from my men, in which the grim chuckle of Thompson was particularly distinguishable; and, looking round, I saw Simpson's heels in the air, while his head was descending toward his horse's crupper. How he had managed to twist himself into such an extraordinary attitude I do not know, but no circus rider could have struck it more promptly. It seems that just as he mounted the hill a particularly vicious discharge was sent from the opposing skirmishers. The balls came humming on. Simpson gave a start, then a dodge forward on his horse's neck; then, suddenly thinking that that brought him in closer range, he rapidly reversed his position. This, accompanied by a plunge of the horse, brought him helpless over the animal's tail, which he clutched frantically, and with one foot still held by the stirrup, the other around the horse's neck, he writhed in shame and dismay. Thompson released him from his predicament, led him into a corner of the fence, and proceeded to give him good counsel as to the evil of indiscriminate dodging, and the way to accomplish the same with prudence and good judgment. In the mean time both parties kept popping away vigorously, and presently poor Simpson got a little used to the sound of the bullets, and was able to hear one fifty yards off without thinking that his hour was come. Then his indignation against the enemy, who had made him appear ridiculous, was excited, and he began to pop away at them as fast as he could. He shot well too, and once or twice won the applause of the men by a quick shot and fatal aim. So ultimately he came out of the engagement a little subdued as to his heroical impulses, but still without the crushing humiliation attending his first appearance.

"That, however, was mere play for the cavalry. It was the next day that our serious work began. At the extreme right of our position, beyond the Gettysburg turnpike, between a large stone barn and a small line of wood, occurred one of the sharpest cavalry fights ever witnessed, and yet so fierce was the main engagement that this combat of some fifteen or twenty thousand mounted men has been scarcely noticed. Our regiment had the honor of opening the ball, most of us dismounted as skirmishers, while a squadron, under Hart, was held mounted in the little woods before-mentioned. I was with the skirmish line, and this time Simpson and Thompson both attended me. The men went up boldly, through ground intersected by stone-walls; but on rising the crest of a little hill they were saluted by such a storm of balls that they could not go forward. The enemy had filled the stone barn with sharp-shooters, who were, of course, completely protected from our fire. A battery was immediately brought into position on the hills behind us, and opened on the barn. As we counted afterward, the barn was hit twenty-five times, and though there were plenty of wooden buildings around it, not one of them was touched. I call that pretty accurate gunnery. The enemy had to evacuate those premises rapidly, and then our boys went forward with a rush. It is curious, but the moment our men get off their horses they seem almost insensible to danger in this sort of skirmishing. Right on we pushed, driving the enemy before us from every point until we had actually made a gap in their lines. The Third Pennsylvania worked with us as skirmishers, and kept pace with us well. After a while word was sent to the General that our ammunition was giving out, and some other regiments were sent to relieve us. It was a curious fact that they could not be got up to the point where our men were standing. Their officers formed them behind a fence several hundred yards in our rear, and then we were ordered to fall back behind them. This gave the enemy a chance which he was quick to take advantage of. Across the space thus left free he charged a brigade. The Michigan troops were ordered to meet it. They rode up gallantly to a stone-wall; but, instead of pushing across it, they stopped and commenced firing with their repeating rifles. The enemy came on in spite of their fire. The Michigan men (it was either the Fifth or the Seventh) held their ground until the rebels got through the wall, and then turned, the enemy pressing them sharply. Just then the First Michigan (old troops) charged. They broke the rebels completely, and drove them back pell-mell, suffering severely from the rifles of the other regiments. I had remained in that part of the field, allowing the skirmishers to go back under charge of a captain; and I had been made very indignant by the reluctance of the relieving regiments to advance; so when the charge took place I joined in. My little sorrel mare took me right over a six-barred fence, upon the flank of the rebels, close to where their guidon was. A few bounds more and I could have had it; but I had only my two orderlies with me, and the rebels clustered thick around it; so I had to draw in with the head of the Michigan. Then all tried who could be first. And now Simpson had another chance to distinguish himself. His horse was very fast, and the first thing that I knew he was dashing past me with a hurrah. Some of the rebels were just beginning to rally as our men tailed off in the pursuit; and at a party of three of these he rode, waving his sabre high in air. Making for the foremost of them, he drew rein and dealt him a tremendous blow. Unfortunately he had not been drilled in the manual, and consequently instead of cutting, he merely *whacked* his opponent. The next thing I saw was the rebel's horse coming down upon Dan's, and rolling him in the dust. I was making as much haste as I could; but the rebel's sabre would have put an end to poor Simpson before I got there, had not Thompson fortunately put a bullet through him. The other two fellows had hesitated whether to run or fight. Before they had quite made up their minds I came thundering up, giving point at one of them as I passed. My weapon slipped into his throat with a sound that I shall never forget, and he fell, bleeding like a slaughtered bullock. At the same moment Simpson regained his feet, and sprang at the other one. The fellow threw up his arms and surrendered, and Dan, mounting his horse, proudly conducted him to the rear.

"By this time the Second Brigade of the rebels was coming down at the charge, and General Custer was gathering his men to meet them. They outnumbered us heavily, but still we went boldly at them. It was curious to see the two bodies approach. First came the steady trot; then each took the gallop, gradually quickening as they approached. Then, as we got nearer and nearer, I could feel how our men closed together, and how, almost involuntarily, there was a slight holding in of the horses. Then there was an evident check and wavering among the rebels. Instantly our fellows let out their horses with a yell, and the ranks in front of us broke and turned. At the same moment Hart with his few men dashed at their flank, as if he had a regiment behind him; and then the whole field was covered with their flying squadrons. There was no more fighting. All that we could overtake yielded themselves prisoners, and we drew off just in time to avoid a savage fire from their artillery.

"As I went back to hunt for the regiment I came upon Dan quietly sitting on the fence, with his prisoner in front of him.

"'Hallo, Sir!" said I, "why have you not taken that man to the rear and given him up?'

"'Well, Major,' answered my amateur, 'I was thinkin' of taking this chap back home to show to Amandy. You see, she'll think then that I really did something; but if I don't have any thing to show for it, why I might as well have staid back.'

"I could not help laughing at the cool way in which he had converted a rebel horseman into his own private property; but, much to his indignation, obliged him to resign his prize to the provost marshal.

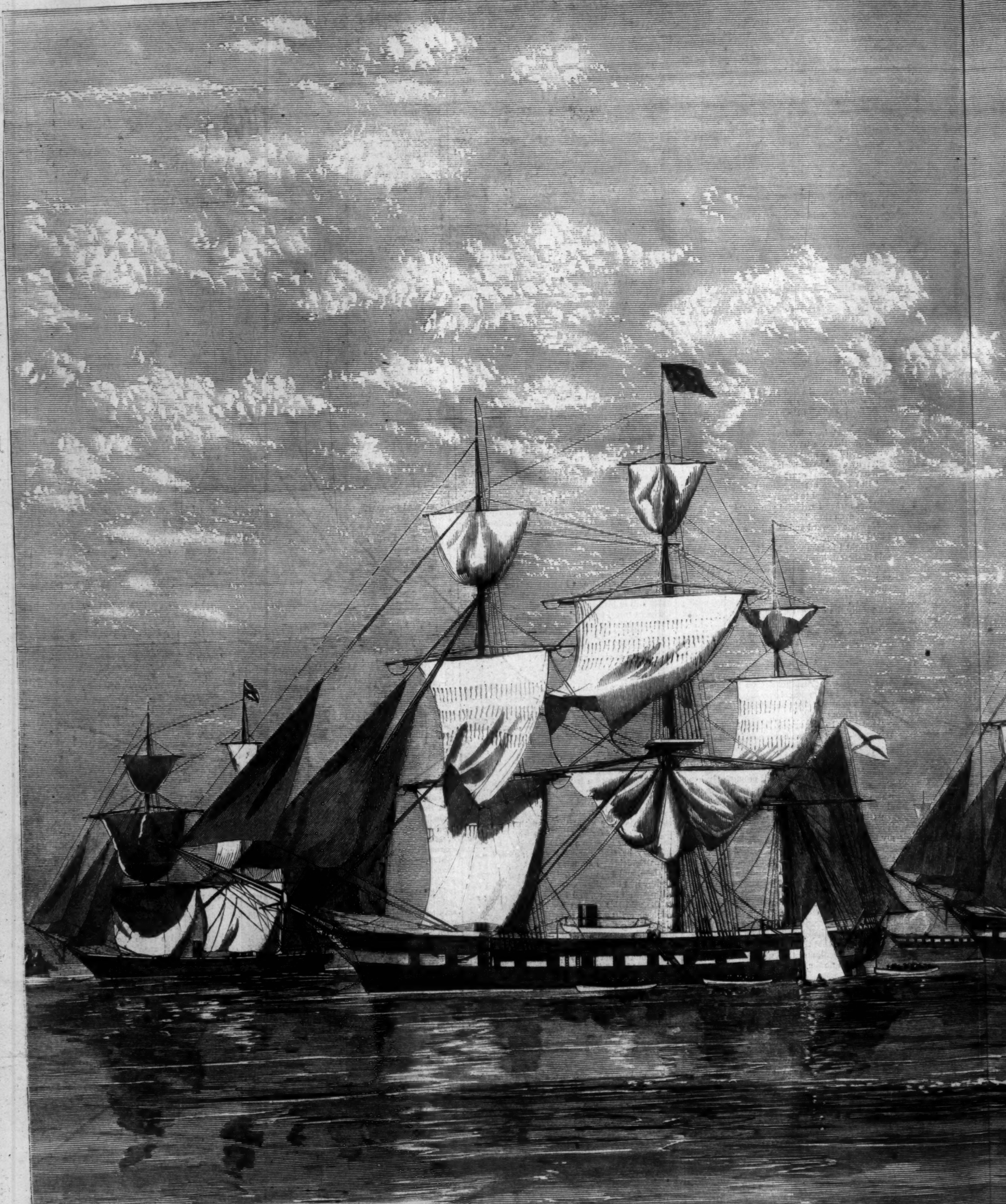
"Immediately on the retreat of the rebels we were pushed in pursuit, and Simpson prepared to return to his home covered with the glory which he had acquired. The last that I saw of him was when he was bidding adieu to Thompson, who made him a short farewell address in the following terms:

"'You see, my friend, you're a very nice young man at home; but you made a little mistake. I don't speak of your natural objection to hard tack, and your slight disinclination to attend to your horse. Neither do I lay much weight on your finding the ground less comfortable than a feather-bed. But you thought you could come and be a soldier right off without any trouble; that it was easy to stand fire without being used to it; and that fighting came natural to a man. I know you thought I was a coward when I got off my horse and got behind a fence the other day; but you yourself found it wasn't pleasant to be on horse-back. I don't say any thing about the Major, for he's an officer, and as such has to take a few more risks than we for the good of the regiment; but what was the use of your putting yourself up as a mark first, and making a fool of yourself afterward?

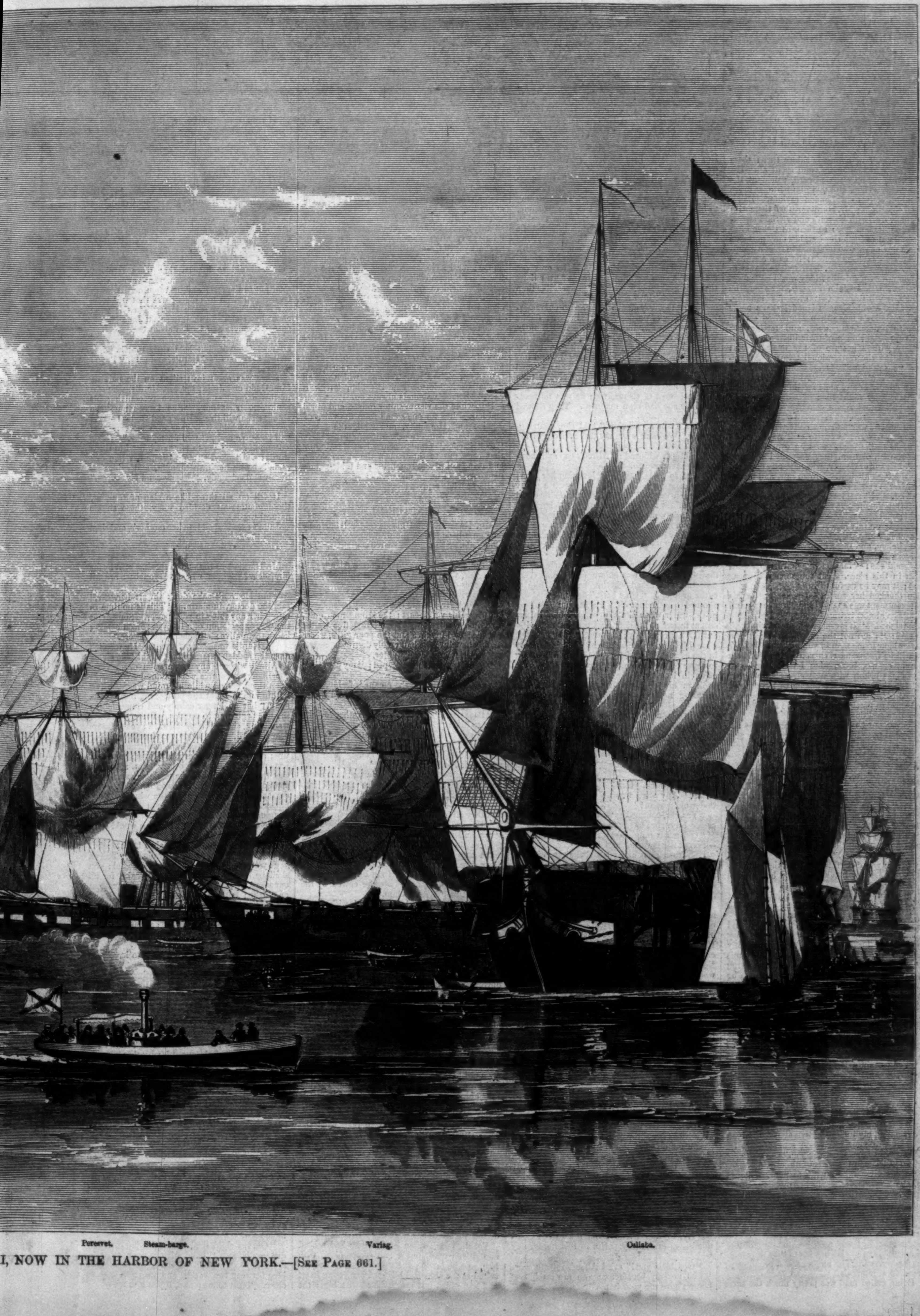
"'Now you go home to that nice young woman that you talks about, and get married, and talk as big as you like; but you just take my advice, and don't you come out soldiering again until in the nature of things you gets tired of her, and takes to it in the way of business.'

"With these words they parted, and we saw Simpson's face no more.

"A few days ago, however, I got a letter very prettily written, but with rather questionable spelling. It was signed 'Amanda Simpson,' and gave me to understand that she had rewarded Daniel's valor with her hand. She was still uncommonly affectionate in her language to me, and ended by promising me another kiss when I came back—'in spite of Dan.' Immediately after these words came the following postscript: 'He says that he can spare you one kiss, for that after he came back from the battle I gave him twenty, all of my own accord. *The wretch!* And if I did it's a shame for him to make me tell you about it. And he says that he's going to make the same bargain about the other one; and I say that he sha'n't.' Here there was a big blot, and after it the explanation: 'That came there because he has been taking them beforehand; *but didn't I slap his ears!*' I think Mr. Dan is going to have some trouble in bridling that rather skittish young woman. Don't you? I hope, at any rate, that we will have another invasion of the North, for then there is really something like campaigning."


Vitiaz.
Alexander Nevski.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET, COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL LISOVSKI,


Peresvet.
Steam-barge.
Variag.
Osliaba.

I, NOW IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 661.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

COULD any one have known what was passing in different places, he would have counted Alfred's deliverance a certainty; for Sampson's placard was on Barkington walls, and inside the asylum Alfred was softening hearts and buying consciences, as related; so, in fact, he had two strings to his bow.

But mark how strangely things turn; these two strings got entangled, and spoilt all. His father, alarmed by the placard, called at the pawnbroker's shop, and told him he must move Alfred directly to a London asylum. Baker raised objections; Mr. Hardie crushed them with his purse, i. e., with his son's and victim's sweetheart's father's money: so then, as Baker after all could not resist the project, but only postpone it for a day or two, he preferred to take a handsome present, and co-operate; he even connived at Mr. Hardie's signing the requisite name to the new order. This the giddy world calls forgery; but, in these calm retreats, far from the public's inquisitive eye, it goes for nothing. Why, Mrs. Archbold had signed Baker's name and Dr. Bailey's more than a hundred several times to orders, statements, and certificates; depriving Englishmen of their liberty and their property with a gesture of her taper fingers; and venting the conventional terms, "Aberration," "Exaltation," "Depression," "Debility," "Paralysis," "Excitable," "Abnormal," as boldly and blindly as any male starling in the flock.

On the very night then of Alfred's projected escape, two keepers came down from Dr. Wycherley's asylum to Silverton station: Baker met them, and drove them to Silverton House in his dog-cart. They were to take Alfred up by the night train; and, when he came into the kitchen with Brown, they suspected nothing, nor did Baker or Cooper, who presently emerged from the back kitchen. Brown saw, and recovered his wits partially. "Shall I go for his portmanteau, Sir?" stammered he, making a shrewd and fortunate guess at what was up. Baker assented; and soon after went out to get the horse harnessed: on this Mrs Archbold, pale, sorrowful, and silent hitherto, beckoned Alfred into the back kitchen, and there gave him his watch and his loose money. "I took care of them for you," said she; "for the like have often been stolen in this place. Put the money in your shoes; it may be useful to you."

He thanked her somewhat sullenly; for his disappointment was so deep and bitter that small kindnesses almost irritated him.

She sighed. "It is cruel to be angry with *me*," she said: "I am not the cause of this; it is a heavier blow to me than to you. Sooner or later you will be free—and then you will not waste a thought on me, I fear—but I must remain in this odious prison without your eyes and your smile to lighten me, yet unable to forget you. Oh, Alfred, for mercy's sake whisper me one kind word at parting; give me one kind look to remember and dote upon."

She put out both hands as eloquently as she spoke, and overpowered his prudence so far that he took her offered hands—they were as cold now as they were burning hot the last time—and pressed them, and said, "I shall be grateful to you while I live."

The passionate woman snatched her hands away. "Gratitude is too cold for me," she cried; "I scorn even yours. Love me, or hate me."

He made no reply. And so they parted.

"Will you pledge your honor to make no attempt at escape on the road?" asked the pawnbroker, on his return.

"I'll see you d—d first," replied the prisoner.

On this he was handcuffed, and helped into the dog-cart.

They went up to town by the midnight train; but, to Alfred's astonishment and delight, did not take a carriage to themselves.

However, station after station was passed, and nobody came into their carriage. At last they stopped at a larger station, and a good many people were on the platform: Alfred took this opportunity and appealed in gentle but moving terms to the first good and intelligent face he saw. "Sir," said he, "I implore your assistance."

The gentleman turned courteously to him. The keepers, to Alfred's surprise, did not interrupt.

"I am the victim of a conspiracy, Sir; they pretend I am mad: and are taking me by force to a mad-house, a living tomb."

"You certainly don't appear to be mad," said the gentleman.

The head keeper instantly showed him the order and a copy of the certificates.

"Don't look at *them*, Sir," cried Alfred, "they are signed by men who are bribed to sign them. For God's sake, Sir, judge for yourself. Test my memory, my judgment, by any question you please. Use your own good sense; don't let those venal rogues judge for you."

The gentleman turned cold directly.

"I could not take on me to interfere," said he. The unsworn affidavits had overpowered his senses. He retired with a frigid inclination. Alfred wrung his handcuffed hands, and the connecting chain rattled. The train moved on.

The men never complained: his conduct was natural; and they knew their strength. At the next station he tested a snob's humanity instead of a gentleman's. He had heard they were more tender-hearted. The answer was a broad grin: repeated at intervals.

Being called mad was pretty much the same thing as being mad to a mind of this class: and Alfred had admitted he was called mad.

At the next station he implored a silvery haired old gentleman. Old age, he had heard, has known griefs, and learned pity.

The keeper showed the certificates.

"Ah!" said Senex; "poor young man. Now don't agitate yourself. It is all for your good. Pray go quietly. Very painful, very painful." And he hobbled away as fast as he could. It is by shirking the painful some live to be silvery old.

Next he tried a policeman. Bobby listened to him erect as a dart.

The certificates were shown him.

He eyed them and said, sharply, "All right." Nor could Alfred's entreaties and appeals to common sense attract a word or even a look from him. Alfred cried, "Help! murder! If you are Englishmen, if you are Christians, help me."

This soon drew a crowd round him, listening to his fiery tale of wrong, and crying "Shame, shame! Let him go." The keepers touched their heads, winked, and got out and showed the certificates; the crowd melted away like wax before those two suns of evidence (unsworn). The train moved on.

It was appalling. How could he ever get free? Between his mind and that of his fellows there lay a spiritual barrier more impassable than the walls of fortified cities.

Yet, at the very next station, with characteristic tenacity of purpose, he tried again; for he saw a woman standing near, a buxom country woman of forty. Then he remembered that the Naked Eye was not yet an extinct institution among her sex. He told her his tale, and implored her to use her own eyes. She seemed struck, and did eye him far more closely than the men had; and told the keepers they ought to be ashamed of themselves; he was no madman, for she had seen madmen. They showed her the certificates.

"Oh, I am no scholar!" said she, contemptuously, "ye can't write my two eyes out of my head."

The keeper whipped off Alfred's cap and showed his shaven crown.

"La! so he is," said she, lowering her tone; "dear heart, what a pity! And such a pretty young gentleman." And after that all he could say only drew the dew of patient pity to her eyes.

The train went on, and left her standing there, a statue of negative clemency. Alfred lost heart. He felt how impotent he was. "I shall die in a mad-house," he said. He shivered in a corner, hating man, and doubting God.

They reached Dr. Wycherley's early in the morning. Alfred was shown into a nice clean bedroom, and asked whether he would like to bathe or sleep. "Oh a bath," he said; and was allowed to bathe himself. He had not been long in the water when Dr. Wycherley's medical assistant tapped at the door, and then entered without farther ceremony; a young gentleman with a longish down on his chin, which, initiated early in the secrets of physiology, he was too knowing to shave off and so go to meet his trouble. He came in looking like a machine, with a notebook in his hand, and stood by the bath side dictating notes to himself and jotting them down.

"Six contusions: two on the thorax, one on the abdomen, two on the thighs, one near the patella; turn, please." Alfred turned in the water. "A slight dorsal abrasion; also of the wrists; a severe excoriation of the ankle. Leg-lock, eh?"

"Yes."

"Iron leg-lock. Head shaved. Large blister. Good! Any other injuries external or internal under old system?"

"Yes, Sir, confined as a madman though sane, as *you* I am sure have the sense to see."

"Oh, never mind that; we are all sane here—except the governor and I."

He whipped out and entered the condition of the new patient's body with jealous minuteness in the case book. As for his mind, he made no inquiry into that; indeed he was little qualified for researches of the kind.

At breakfast Alfred sat with a number of mad ladies and gentlemen, who by firmness, kindness, and routine, had been led into excellent habits: the linen was clean and the food good. He made an excellent meal, and set about escaping; with this view he explored the place. Nobody interfered with him; but plenty of eyes watched him. The house was on the non-restraint system. He soon found that this system was as bad for him as it was good for the insane. Non-restraint implied a great many attendants, and constant vigilance. Moreover, the doors were strong, the windows opened only eight inches, and that from the top; their frame-work was iron, painted like wood, etc. It was next to impossible to get into the yard at night; and then it looked quite impossible to get any farther, for the house was encompassed by high walls.

He resigned all hope of escape without connivance. He sounded a keeper; the man fired at the first word. "Come, none of that, Sir; you should know better than tempt a poor man."

Alfred colored to the eyes; and sighed deeply. To have honor thrown in his face, and made the reason for not aiding him to baffle a dishonorable conspiracy! But he took the reproof so sweetly, the man was touched, and, by-and-by, seeing him deeply dejected, said, good-naturedly, "Don't be down on your luck, Sir. If you are really better, which you don't look to have much the matter now, why not write to the Commissioners and ask to be let out?"

"Because my letters will be intercepted."

"Ay, to your friends; but not to the Commissioners of Lunacy. Not in this house, any way."

"God bless you!" cried Alfred, impetuously. "You are my benefactor; you are an honest fellow; give me your hand."

"Well, why not? Only you mustn't excite yourself. Take it easy." (Formula.)

"Oh, no cant among friends!" said Alfred: "wouldn't you be excited at the hope of getting out of prison?"

"Well, I don't know but I might. Bound I am as sick of it as you are."

Alfred got paper and sketched the letter on which so much depended. It took him six hours. He tore up two; he cooled down the third, and condensed it severely: by this means, after much thought, he produced a close and telling composition: he also weeded it of every trait and every term he had observed in mad people's talk, or the letters they had shown him. So there was no incoherency, no heat, no prolixity, no "spies," no "conspiracy," no italics. A simple, honest, earnest story, with bitter truth stamped on every line; a sober, strong appeal from a sore heart but hard head to the arbiters of his fate.

To the best of my belief no madman, however slightly touched, or however cunning, ever wrote a letter so gentle yet strong, so earnest yet calm, so short yet full, and withal so lucid and cleanly jointed as this was: and I am no contemptible judge; for I have accumulated during the last few years a large collection of letters from persons deranged in various degrees, and studied them minutely, more minutely than most Psychologicals study any thing but Pounds, Shillings, and Verbiage.

The letter went, and he hoped but scarcely expected an answer by return of post. It did not come. He said to his heart, "Be still;" and waited. Another day went by, and another; he gnawed his heart, and waited: he pined, and waited on. The Secret Tribunal, which was all a shallow legislature had left him, "took it easy." Secret Tribunals always do.

But, while the victim suitor longed and pined and languished for one sound from the voice of Justice and Humanity, and while the Secret Tribunal, not being in prison itself all this time, "took it easy," events occurred at Barkington that bade fair to throw open the prison doors, and bring father and son, bride and bridegroom, together again under one roof.

But at what a price!

CHAPTER XL.

MR. HARDIE found his daughter lying ashy pale on a little bed in the drawing-room of Albion Villa. She was now scarce conscious. The old doctor sat at her head looking very grave; and Julia kneeled over her beloved friend, pale as herself, with hands clasped convulsively, and great eyes of terror and grief.

That vivid young face, full of foreboding and woe, struck Mr. Hardie the moment he entered; and froze his very heart: the strong man quivered and sank slowly like a felled tree by the bedside; and his face and the poor girl's, whose earthly happiness he had coldly destroyed, nearly met over his crushed daughter.

"Jane, my child," he gasped; "my poor little Jane!"

"Oh let me sleep," she moaned, feebly.

"Darling, it's your own papa," said Julia, softly.

"Poor papa," said she, turning rather to Julia than to him: "let me sleep."

She was in a half lethargic state.

Mr. Hardie asked the doctor in an agitated whisper if he might move her home. The doctor shook his head: "Not by my advice: her pulse is scarce perceptible. We must not move her, nor excite her, nor yet let her sink into lethargy. She is in great danger; very great."

At these terrible words Mr. Hardie groaned: and they all began to speak below the breath.

"Edward," murmured Mrs. Dodd, hurriedly, "run and put off the auction: put it off altogether: then go to the railway; nothing must come here to make a noise: and get straw put down directly. Do that first, dear."

"You are kinder to me than I deserve," muttered Mr. Hardie, humbly, quite cowed by the blow that had fallen on him.

The words agitated Mrs. Dodd with many thoughts: but she whispered as calmly as she could, "Let us think of nothing now but this precious life."

Mr. Hardie begged to see the extent of the injury. Mrs. Dodd dissuaded him; but he persisted. Then the doctor showed her poor head.

At that the father uttered a scream and sat quivering. Julia buried her face in the bedclothes directly, and sobbed vehemently. It passed faintly across the benumbed and shuddering father, "How she loves my child; they all love her:" but the thought made little impression at the time; the mind was too full of terror and woe. The doctor now asked for brandy, in a whisper. Mrs. Dodd left the room with stealthy foot and brought it. He asked for a quill. Julia went with swift, stealthy foot, and brought it. With adroit and tender hands they aided the doctor, and trickled stimulants down her throat. Then sat like statues of grief about the bed; only every now and then eye sought eye, and endeavored to read what the other thought. Was there hope? Was there none? And by-and-by, so roving is the mind, especially when the body is still, these statues began to thrill with thoughts of the past as well as the absorbing present.

Ay, here were met a strange party; a stranger, for its size, methinks never yet met on earth, to mingle their hearts together in one grief.

Just think! Of him who sat there with his face hidden in his hands, and his frame shuddering, all the others were the victims.

Yet the lady, whose husband he had robbed and driven mad, pitied and sympathized with him, and he saw it; the lady, whom he had insulted at the altar and blighted her young heart and life, pitied and sympathized with him; the poor old doctor pitied and sympathized, and was more like an anxious father than a physician.

Even Jane was one of his victims; for she fell by the hand of a man he had dishonestly ruined and driven out of his senses.

Thinking of all he had done, and this the end of it, he was at once crushed and melted.

He saw with awe that a mightier hand than man's was upon him; it had tossed him and his daughter into the house and the arms of the injured Dodds, in defiance of all human calculation; and he felt himself a straw in that hand: so he was, and the great globe itself. Oh if Jane should die! the one creature he loved, the one creature, bereaved of whom he could get no joy even from riches.

What would he not give to recall the past, since all his schemes had but ended in this. Thus stricken by terror of the divine wrath, and touched by the goodness and kindness of those he had cruelly wronged, all the man was broken with remorse. Then he vowed to undo his own work as far as possible: he would do any thing, every thing, if Heaven would spare him his child.

Now it did so happen that these resolves, earnest and sincere but somewhat vague, were soon put to the test; and, as often occurs, what he was called on to do first was that which he would rather have done last. Thus it was: about five o'clock in the afternoon Jane Hardie opened her eyes and looked about her.

It was a moment of intense anxiety. They all made signals, but held their breath. She smiled at sight of Mr. Hardie, and said, "Papa! dear papa!"

There was great joy: silent on the part of Mrs. Dodd and Julia; but Mr. Hardie, who saw in this a good omen, Heaven recognizing his penitence, burst out: "She knows me; she speaks; she will live. How good God is! Yes, my darling child, it is your own father. You will be brave and get well for my sake."

Jane did not seem to pay much heed to these words; she looked straight before her like one occupied with her own thought, and said, distinctly and solemnly, "Papa—send for Alfred."

It fell on all three like a clap of thunder, those gentle but decided tones, those simple natural words.

Julia's eyes flashed into her mother's, and then sought the ground directly.

There was a dead silence.

Mr. Hardie was the one to speak. "Why for him, dear? Those who love you best are all here."

"For Heaven's sake don't thwart her, Sir," said the doctor, in alarm. "This is no time to refuse her any thing in your power. Sometimes the very expectation of a beloved person coming keeps them alive; stimulates the powers."

Mr. Hardie was sore perplexed. He recoiled from the sudden exposure that might take place, if Alfred without any preparation or previous conciliatory measures were allowed to burst in upon them. And while his mind was whirling within him in doubt and perplexity, Jane spoke again; but no longer calmly and connectedly: she was beginning to wander. Presently in her wandering she spoke of Edward; called him dear Edward. Mrs. Dodd rose hastily, and her first impulse was to ask both gentlemen to retire; so instinctively does a good woman protect her own sex against the other. But, reflecting that this was the father, she made an excuse and retired herself instead, followed by Julia. The doctor divined, and went to the window. The father sat by the bed, and soon gathered his daughter loved Edward Dodd.

The time was gone by when this would have greatly pained him.

He sighed like one overmatched by fate; but said, "You shall have him, my darling; he is a good young man, he shall be your husband; you shall be happy. Only live for my sake, for all our sakes. She paid no attention and wandered on a little; but her mind gradually cleared, and by-and-by she asked quietly for a glass of water. Mr. Hardie gave it her. She sipped, and he took it from her. She looked at him close and said distinctly, "Have you sent for Alfred?"

"No, love, not yet?"

"Not yet?! There is no time to lose," she said, gravely.

Mr. Hardie trembled. Then, being alone with her, the miserable man unable to say no, unwilling to say yes, tried to persuade her not to ask for Alfred. "My dear," he whispered, "I will not refuse you: but I have a secret to confide to you. Will you keep it?"

"Yes, papa, faithfully."

"Poor Alfred is not himself. He has delusions; he is partly insane. My brother Thomas has thought it best for us all to put him under gentle restraint for a time. It would retard his cure to have him down here and subject him to excitement."

"Papa," said Jane, "are you deceiving me, or are you imposed upon? Alfred insane? It is a falsehood. He came to me the night before the wedding that was to be. O my brother, my darling brother, how dare they say you are insane! That letter you showed me then was a falsehood? O papa!"

"I feared to frighten you," said Mr. Hardie, and hung his head.

"I see it all," she cried, "those wicked men with their dark words have imposed on you. Bring him to me that I may reconcile you all, and end all this misery ere I go hence and be no more seen."

"Oh, my child, don't talk so," cried Mr. Hardie, trembling. "Think of your poor father."

"I do," she cried, "I do. Oh, papa, I lie here between two worlds, and see them both so clear. Trust to me: and, if you love me—"

"If I love you, Jane? better than all the world twice told."

"Then don't refuse me this one favor: the last, perhaps, I shall ever ask you. I want my brother here before it is too late. Tell him he must come to his little sister, who loves him dearly, and—is dying."

"Oh no! no! no!" cried the agonized father, casting every thing to the winds. "I will. He shall be here in twelve hours. Only promise me to bear up. Have a strong will; have courage. You shall have Alfred, you shall have any thing you like on earth, any thing that money can get you? What am I saying? I have no money; it is all gone. But I have a father's heart. Madam, Mrs. Dodd!" She came directly.

"Can you give me paper? No, I won't trust to a letter. I'll send off a special messenger this moment. It is for my son, madam. He will be here to-morrow morning. God knows how it will all end. But how can I refuse my dying child? Oh, madam, you are good, kind, forgiving; keep my poor girl alive for me: keep telling her Alfred is coming; she cares more for him than for her poor heart-broken father."

And the miserable man rushed out, leaving Mrs. Dodd in tears for him.

He was no sooner gone than Julia came in; and clasped her mother, and trembled on her bosom. Then Mrs. Dodd knew she had overheard Mr. Hardie's last words.

Jane Hardie, too, though much exhausted by the scene with her father, put out her hand to Julia, and took hers, and said feebly, but with a sweet smile, "He is coming, love; all shall be well." Then to herself as it were, and looking up with a gentle rapture in her pale face:

"Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God."

On this thought she seemed to feed with innocent joy; but for a long time was too weak to speak again.

Mr. Hardie, rushing from the house, found Edward at work outside; he was crying undisguisedly, and with his coat off working harder at spreading the straw than both the two men together he had got to help him. Mr. Hardie took his hand and wrung it, but could not speak.

In half an hour a trusty agent he had often employed was at the station waiting for the up-train, nearly due.

He came back to Albion Villa. Julia met him on the stairs with her finger to her lips: "She is sleeping; the doctor has hopes. Oh, Sir, let us all pray for her day and night."

Mr. Hardie blessed her; it seemed the face of an angel, so earnest, so lovely, so pious. He went home: and at the door of his own house Peggy met him with anxious looks. He told her what he had done.

"Good Heavens!" said she: "have you forgotten? He says he will kill you the first day he gets out. You told me so yourself."

"Yes, Baker said so. I can't help it. I don't care what becomes of me; I care only for my child. Leave me, Peggy; there, go; go."

He was no sooner alone than he fell upon his knees, and offered the Great Author of life and death—a bargain. "O God," he cried, "I own my sins, and I repent them. Spare but my child, who never sinned against Thee, and I will undo all I have done amiss in Thy sight. I will refund that money on which Thy curse lies. I will throw myself on their mercy. I will set my son free. I will live on a pittance. I will part with Peggy. I will serve Mammon no more. I will attend Thine ordinances. I will live soberly, honestly, and godly all the remainder of my days; only do Thou spare my child. She is Thy servant, and does Thy work on earth, and there is nothing on earth I love but her."

And now the whistle sounded, the train moved, and his messenger was flying fast to London, with a note to Dr. Wycherley:

"Dear Sir,—My poor daughter lies dangerously wounded, and perhaps at the point of death. She cries for her brother. He must come down to us instantly, with the bearer of this. Send one of your people with him if you like. But it is not necessary. I inclose a blank check, signed, which please fill at your discretion.

"I am, with thanks,
"Yours in deep distress,
"RICHARD HARDIE."

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

"Is Miss Bessie in?"

"Yes, Sir."

Without further question the speaker entered the house with the air of an accustomed visitor. The room into which he was ushered was furnished with a degree of elegance which betokened alike wealth and good taste. The young man threw himself upon a sofa, and taking from his pocket a telegram just received, read it with sparkling eyes. Certainly it must have contained good news, to judge by the expression of his face. He was interrupted in his occupation by a soft hand upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Mordaunt, I protest against your converting my drawing-room into an office. Is your letter, then, of absorbing interest?"

"I beg your pardon, Bessie," said the young man, coloring slightly; "you entered so softly that I did not hear you."

"Is that all you have to say to me?" inquired the young lady, playfully. "I begin to think it was scarcely worth while to come down."

"No, Bessie," said the young man, taking her hand, "it is not all I have to say to you. I have come to ask you to reconsider your decision postponing our marriage for six months. What good reason is there for it?"

"It is my guardian's wish, Frederic," said Bessie, more gravely. "He thinks I am so young that we can well afford to wait. After all it is but a short time. Six months will pass away very quickly."

"To you, perhaps," returned the lover, half reproachfully.

"And why not?" she retorted, playfully. "For think, Frederic, they are the last six months of my independence. From that time I am to be subject to the whims and caprices of a husband. I am afraid they are all sad tyrants. On second thoughts, it would perhaps be better to name a year."

"Would you have me commit suicide?"

"As if you were capable of it," she retorted, laughing merrily.

"You don't know what I am capable of," said young Mordaunt, shaking his head.

"Perhaps if I did know I should be unwilling to marry you at all," said Bessie, with a saucy smile.

Frederic Mordaunt's face flushed slightly, as if a sudden thought had crossed his mind, but a moment afterward he responded in the same vein.

Half an hour afterward the young man rose to go. Bessie Graham followed him to the door, and then with slow and meditative steps re-entered the drawing-room. As she passed the mirror a hasty glance was perhaps natural. Rarely has mirror reflected back a more pleasing face or more graceful figure. Neither perhaps was faultless, but the face had a wonderful power of expression. A smile fairly lighted it up, leaving it absolutely radiant. Yet there was something about the mouth that smiled so sweetly which would have assured a careful observer that Miss Bessie had a will of her own when she chose to exert it. The eyes were clear and truthful. Purity and sincerity were reflected in these mirrors of the soul. Frederic Mordaunt was not the only one who had been won by the charms of the young heiress. For Bessie was an heiress, and a wealthy one. Not that she thought of it. The two hundred thousand dollars which constituted her fortune were a poor substitute in her eyes for the tender love of her father, who had been snatched from her three years since by a sudden distemper.

Bessie was about to leave the room when her attention was suddenly drawn to a loose sheet of paper which lay on the carpet at the foot of the sofa on which her late visitor had been sitting. Picking it up, a glance informed her that it was a telegram, and dated at Halifax. Her eyes rested upon it a moment, and almost unconsciously she took in its contents. The blood rushed to her cheeks, and she exclaimed, impetuously, "Good Heavens! can Frederic have acted so base a part?"

The expression of her face was completely changed. There was a deep earnestness in her eyes, but lately sparkling with a merry light. "This must be inquired into without delay," she resolved. "If it be as I suspect, all is over between us. Yes," she repeated, in a slow and resolute tone, "henceforth and forever all is over between us."

She wrote two lines upon a sheet of note-paper, and ringing the bell hastily, said to the servant who answered her summons, "Do you know Mr. Mordaunt's office?"

"Yes, Miss Bessie."

"You will convey this note thither immediately, and place it in his own hand. If he is absent wait for him."

"Yes, Miss Bessie."

Mr. Mordaunt had walked quickly back to his office, having important business awaiting his attention. He was a young merchant who had the reputation of great shrewdness in business matters. Some said that he had never done a better stroke of business than in securing the affections of the young heiress. Perhaps he thought so himself. He had not been returned five minutes when Bessie's messenger arrived.

"A note from Miss Bessie."

"Indeed," said the young merchant, graciously. "Give it to me."

His face assumed a perplexed expression after he had read this brief missive:

"Will Mr. Mordaunt favor me with a call at his earliest convenience on a matter of great moment?
"B. G."

"What can this mean?" thought Mordaunt. "I left her but a moment ago as cordial as usual. Yet nothing can be colder than this strange note. Your mistress is well?" he inquired of the servant.

"Yes, Sir, quite well."

Not a little disturbed at this summons, which thoroughly mystified him, Frederic Mordaunt, leaving business to take care of itself, hastily returned to the house which he had just quitted. He was shown without delay into the presence of Bessie.

"Why, Bessie," he commenced, "you have fairly frightened me with the suddenness of your summons. What—"

A glance at the grave face of the young lady arrested the words upon his lips. "I hope you are not ill," he said, in a changed voice.

"You left something behind you," said Bessie, quietly, "which I thought might be of importance. I have therefore judged it best to send for you that I might return it in person."

She extended the telegram.

Frederic Mordaunt turned suddenly pale. He mechanically reached out his hand and took the paper.

"I have an apology to make," Bessie continued, in the same cold tone. "Not aware that it was of importance, I accidentally let my eye rest upon it."

The young man's paleness was succeeded by a crimson flush, but he still remained silent.

"Frederic!" Bessie burst forth, in a changed tone, "is this dreadful thing true? Have you really been false to your country, and deliberately engaged in furnishing aid and comfort to the enemy? I gather from this telegram that, through an agent in Halifax, you have fitted out cargoes to run the blockade. Is this so?"

The young man's eye quailed before her searching glance. "Forgive me, Bessie," he entreated, "and I will faithfully engage never again so to forget myself."

"Forgive you! It is not me you have offended, but your country."

"I will give half the proceeds to the Sanitary Commission—nay, the whole," said Frederic, deprecatingly.

"That can not repair the evil."

"You are hard upon me, Bessie," said the young man, a little resentfully. "I am not the only one who has engaged in this business. It is wrong, I admit, but it is not the worst thing a man can do."

"Very nearly," returned Bessie, gravely. "Listen, Frederic Mordaunt," she continued, rising, and looking down upon him like an accusing angel. "Three months ago word came to me that a cousin, who was my early play-fellow and always dear to me, fell upon the battle-field fighting bravely. Do you think, in my sorrow for him, that I have not remembered with indignation those who caused and who perpetuate this unhappy war? Yet I could almost envy him his fate. He never proved recreant to honor and false to his country. His memory will ever be held sacred in my heart. Think, Frederic Mordaunt, how many thousands have fallen like him—how many a heart has been made desolate—how many a fireside is wrapped in sadness."

"That is true; but am I responsible for all this?"

"Their blood is upon your hands, Frederic Mordaunt," said Bessie, sternly. "You, and such as you, who betray your country for a little paltry gain—who furnish the rebels with the means of prolonging their unrighteous contest—are guilty of all the extra bloodshed and suffering which must necessarily result. Shame on you, Frederic Mordaunt! And you call yourself loyal! I have more respect for an open enemy than for a secret traitor."

"Bessie," said the young man, thoroughly humiliated, "I will not seek to defend myself. I will make any reparation that you may require. Only do not be too hard upon me."

"I hope you will make such reparation as your conscience exacts. For me I will not venture to dictate. You are not responsible to me any farther than you are to all who have the welfare of their country at heart."

"Surely yes," said the young man, his heart sinking with a new apprehension. "The relation between us will justify you in any demand. You have only to express your wishes."

"The relation to which you refer has ceased," said Bessie, coldly. "I give you back your promise."

"You can not mean it," said young Mordaunt, in accents of earnest entreaty. "Say that you do not mean it."

"It is best so," said Bessie. "I was mistaken in you. I thought you a man of the strictest honor. I did not think— But what need to proceed? Providence has willed that my eyes should be opened. Let the past be forgotten."

"Do not cast me off without a moment's reflection," urged Frederic, more and more desperately. "Give me time, and I will satisfy you of my sincere repentance."

"I heartily hope you will, Frederic. The interest that I have felt in you will not permit me to say less. But if you have a thought that any change which time will bring will shake my resolution, put it away at once. Where I have once lost my respect I can no longer love. Within the last hour the whole plan of my life seems to have changed. My love for you has gone, never to return. It is best that you should know it. I sincerely hope that you may awake to a full sense of the disgrace in which you have involved yourself, and may seek as far as possible to repair it. Should such be the case, my good opinion of you may in time be restored. Do not seek for more."

Frederic Mordaunt took his hat slowly, and left the room. He felt that it would be useless to urge his suit further. There was that in the expression and tone of Bessie Graham which warned him that it would be in vain. Even in that hour, perhaps, the loss of the fortune which the heiress would have brought him was not the least bitter ingredient in his cup of humiliation. Yes, even in a pecuniary view his speculation had failed miserably. He had gained five thousand dollars and lost two hundred thousand.

As for Bessie, she did not grieve much for the lover she had dismissed. It was as she had said. All her love for him had passed away when she awoke to a sense of his unworthiness. She has firmly resolved that whenever her hand is given, it shall be to one who has devoted himself heart and hand to the service of his country.

THE PRISONS AT RICHMOND.

WE reproduce on pages 668 and 669 several drawings by Captain Wrigley, of the Topographical Engineers, illustrating the LIBEY PRISON AT RICHMOND, AND THE PLACE OF CONFINEMENT FOR UNION TROOPS AT BELLE-ISLE. Captain Wrigley was several months in the Libey Prison, and had ample leisure to make drawings and observations. He also sends us (and we publish on the same pages) portraits of Captains Sawyer and Flynn, the two officers who were selected by Jeff Davis to be murdered in retaliation for the execution by General Burnside of two rebel spies. The despot of the Slave Confederacy has not yet carried his threat into execution; but the sentence of death still hangs over the two officers, and must be hard to bear. Captain Wrigley has written us the following account of his observations:

"The military prison at Richmond, Virginia, is situated on the corner of Twentieth and Cary streets, directly on the canal and James River. A fine view of the river, its beautiful islands, and the distant hills is obtained from the south and west windows. The tents on Belle Isle, where our soldiers are kept, just peer above the long railroad bridge leading to Petersburg. This bridge is nearly half a mile in length, and built of timber on stone piers. Two and four hundred yards this side are two other bridges, one for the Danville Road, the other for foot travel. Below them the river eddies furiously between huge rocks and hundreds of beautiful little islands, covered in every available inch with trees, bushes, small flowers, and verdure of all kinds. Just at the bend of the river, about a mile below the prison, is that part of Richmond known as the 'Rocketts'—formerly a village of that name, but now connected with the city by straggling tobacco factories, warehouses of all kinds, and tenements usually found in the suburbs.

"Richmond lies, as it were, in an amphitheatre of hills, facing the river, on whose bank is the prison, and from which a fine view of the town is obtained from the north and west windows. Far up on the hill stands the Confederate capitol—a plain, unpretending building, very similar to the ordinary American church, as seen in its full glory in some of our country villages. Comparatively few people are seen in the streets, an able-bodied man without a uniform being a *rara avis* of the first class; and the few ladies who walk out appear to be living, as it were, backwards on the finery and fashion of other days.

"The name Libey, generally spelled 'Libby,' which is applied to the military prison, is derived from the proprietors, Messrs. Libey & Son, ship-chandlers and grocers, who formerly carried on there an extensive business. It is really a row of three buildings, three stories high, and having each one room on a floor, each room being 105 feet in length and 45 feet wide, making nine rooms in all—three in each story. On the first floor, the west room contains the quarters of the Confederate officers and the offices connected with the place. It is in this room that the prisoner first enters; and from it he is ushered to his future dreary abode. The east rooms of the first and second floors form the hospital of the building; the three upper rooms, together with the west room of the second story, communicate and form the officers' quarters; the two remaining ones are used to receive temporarily, for the night, small squads of captured prisoners, previous to sending them over to Belle Isle. All these apartments have bare, unplastered, white-washed beams and walls.

"THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

"Two of the four rooms allotted to them are partly used as kitchens—a portion of the room being partitioned off, and large cooking stoves, of a huge, square pattern, set up in them. The cooking is all done by the officers themselves; they form messes of whoever may be agreeable to each other, and take their proper turns in preparing the meals. The tin plates and cups taken from our captured soldiers are given to them in sufficient quantity to allow two messes to eat at one time. Many, however, purchase their own dishes, and are more independent. Two bath-tubs are placed in these rooms, and five faucets supply all the water for bathing, cooking, and washing. The ration allowed is eighteen ounces of bread and a quarter of a pound of meat per day, together with a little rice; vinegar and salt at intervals.

"Although a hearty man would not perish with this amount of food, it is not sufficient—in point of quantity, quality, or variety—to prevent a gradual disorganization of the system, and consequent total unfitness for duty.

"Most all of the officers have money with them, and, if they desire, purchase in the markets, through the Confederate steward, vegetables, fruit, eggs, meat, and butter—all these commodities, nevertheless, being enormously high; this is compensated for, however, by the value of gold and United States notes, they being worth, respectively, 14 and 11 to 1 in Confederate money.

"A few bunks in the upper west room are occupied by the first-comers of the prison, the remainder of the officers sleeping on the floor in their blankets, only two of which are allowed to each man. There are 18,900 superficial feet of floor in all these rooms; deduct 2900 for kitchens, sinks, mess-tables, etc., and it leaves but twenty-six superficial feet per man. No outdoor exercise is allowed. The place is infested with vermin of all kinds, beyond all power to drive them off.

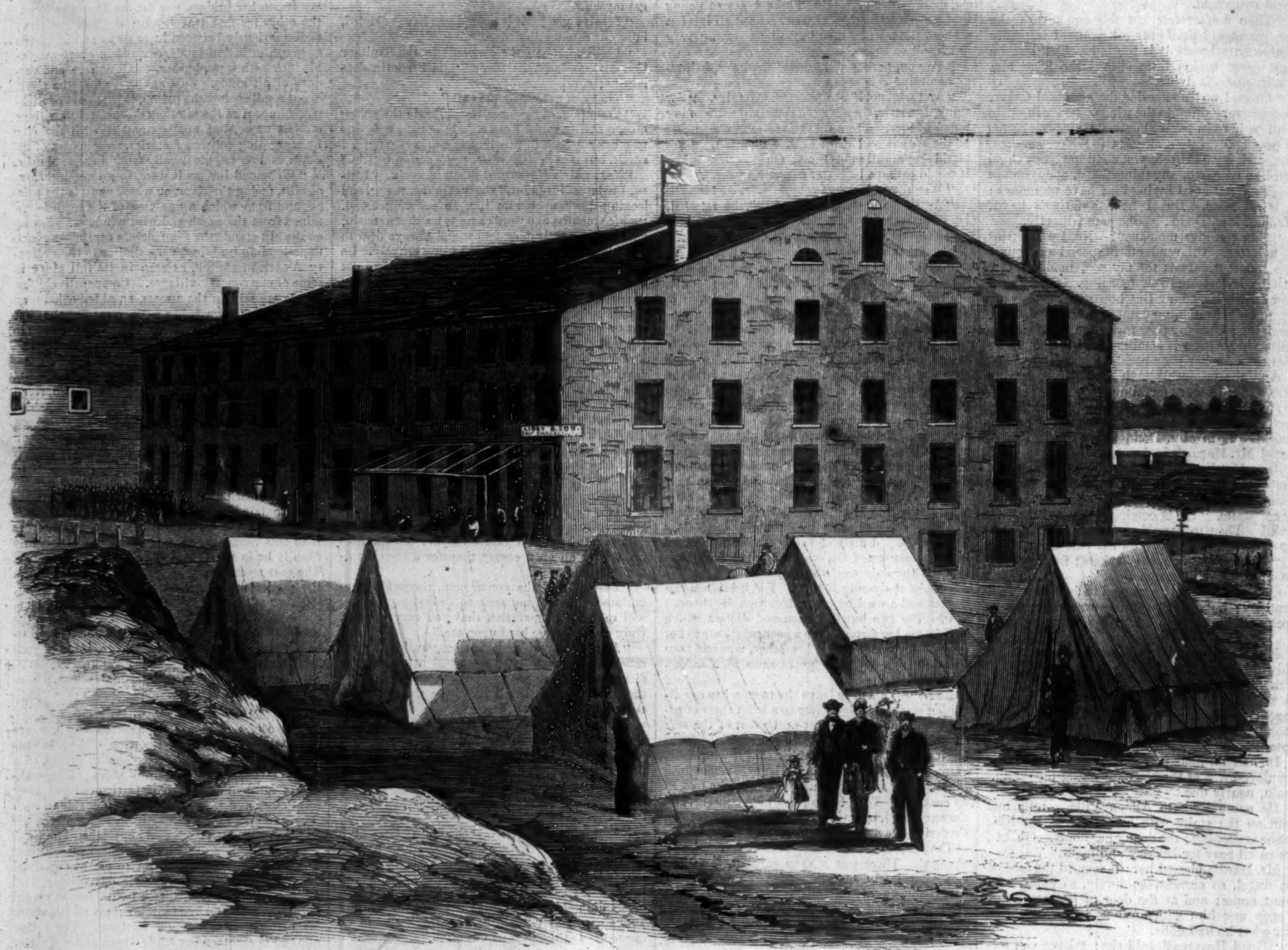
"Our officers, even in the face of these discouraging facts, keep up good heart; earnestly hoping, however, for a speedy release. Classes in Spanish and French, the study of the law, a debating-club, and a weekly paper—*The Libby Chronicle*—take up all spare moments, and the ability displayed by many in these matters is truly gratifying; and if the officers there are a fair sample of our army generally, we may well be proud of the effect of our republican institutions.

"The hospital is the best conducted part of the prison. It contains 120 beds—each a straw palliasse—and pillow, sheets, and comfortable, on a wooden cot. The fare is a shade better. The surgeons (three in number) are really skillful men, and do all in their power to alleviate the condition of the sick in their charge. Stimulants of all kinds are difficult to obtain, but are furnished by the Confederates to the fullest extent of their capability. They will not, however, allow our Sanitary Commission to send any thing of the kind.

"Gold or Confederate money will alone be received by the Commissioners and handed to the prisoners; all boxes of clothing, or delicacies of any kind, will also reach them in safety.

"The writer had the pleasure of a trip through the Confederacy, from Jackson, Mississippi—where he was captured some five months since—to Richmond. If the people of the Northern States could but know and appreciate the total exhaustion of the South in this struggle, they could not fail to bend every effort at this time to trample out the few remaining embers of the rebellion.

"Their railroads and rolling-stock are in the most dilapidated condition, and they are without the men to repair them. Eight miles an hour was the average of the mail-trains on which we traveled. Locomotives of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad we saw near Atlanta, Georgia; and rolling-stock also of other roads. The stations, however, were filled with engines, but slightly out of repair,

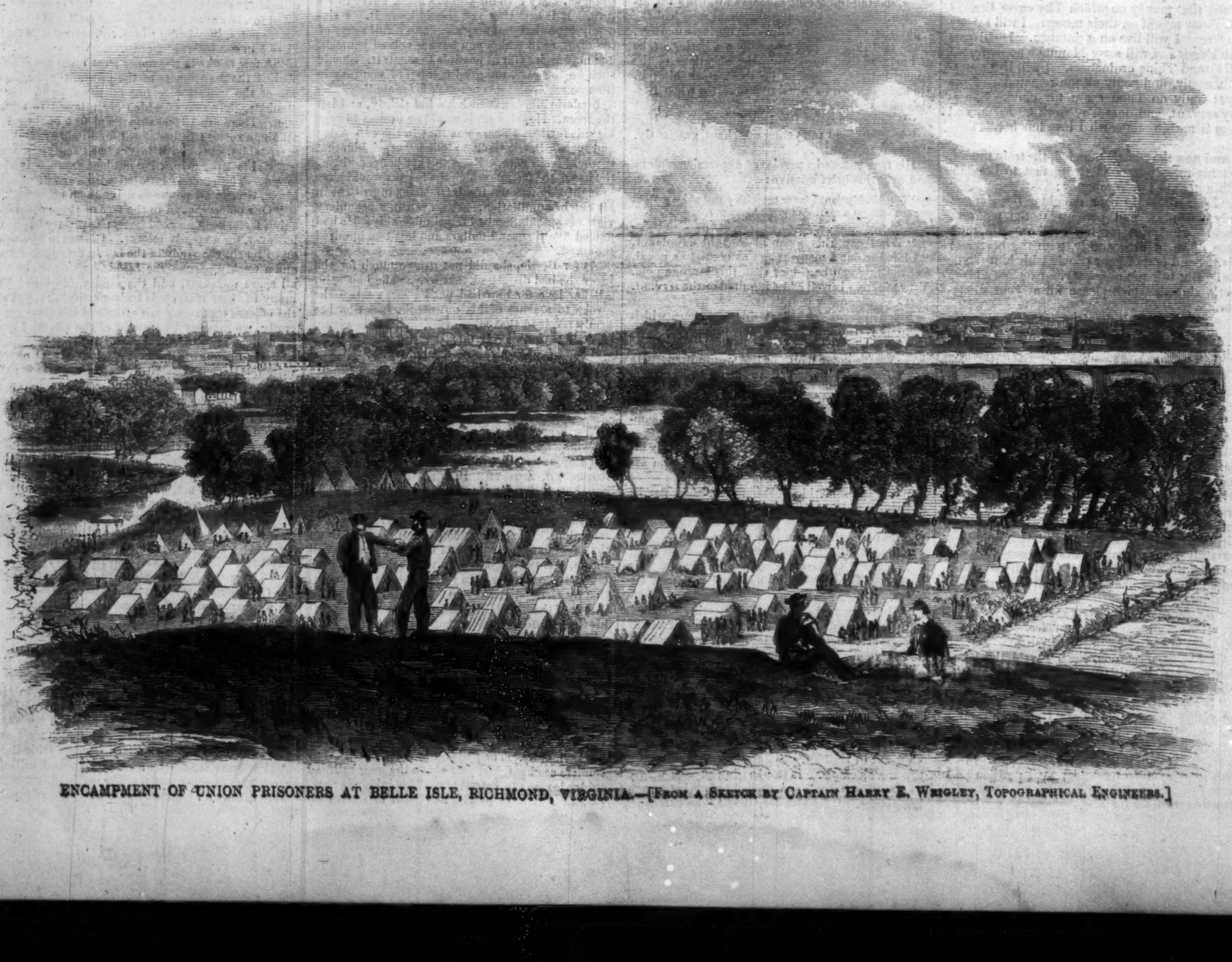


EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE LIBEY PRISON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[From a Sketch by Captain Harry E. Wrigley, Topographical Engineers.]

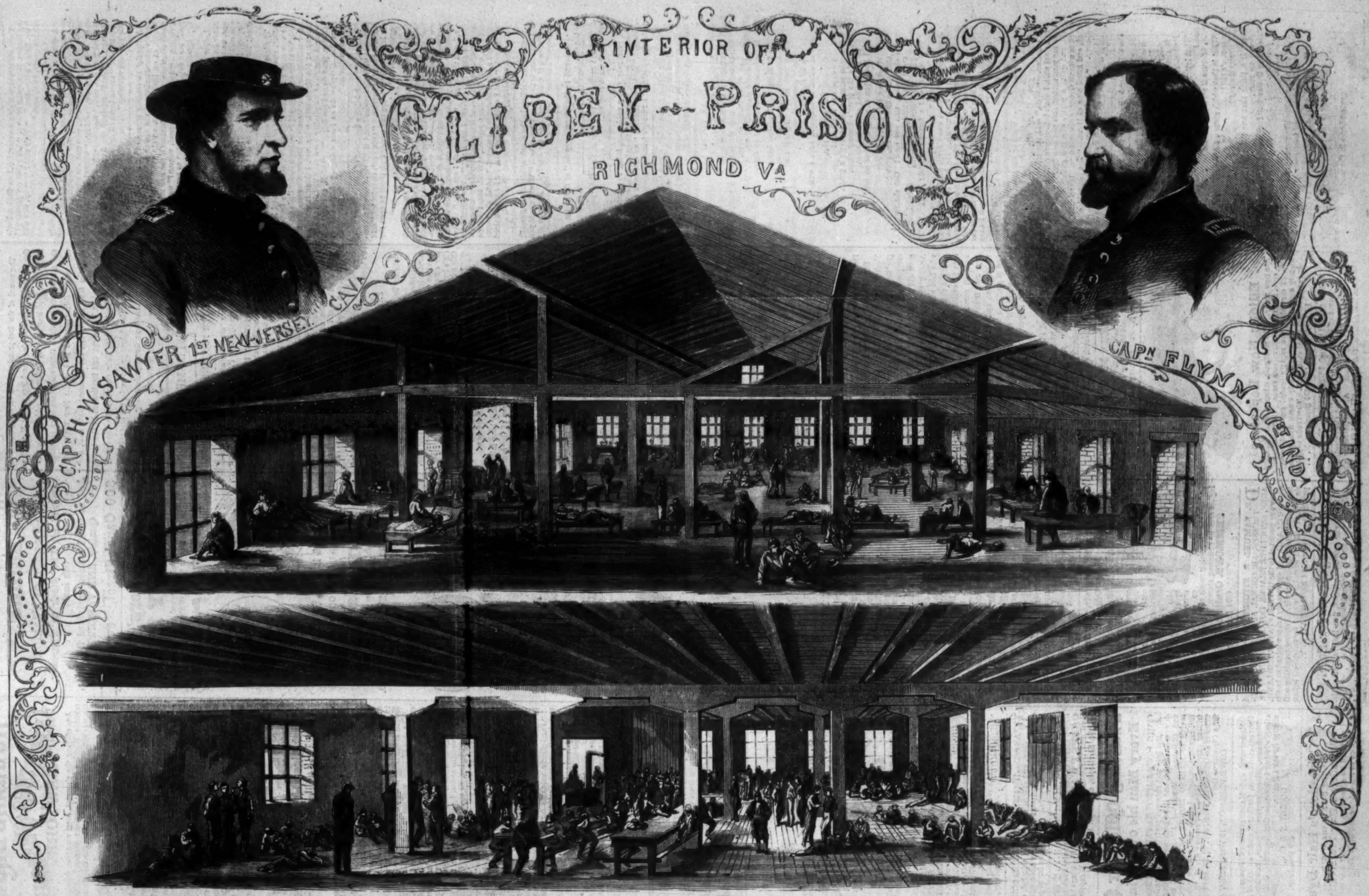
which they were unable to mend. Every bridge throughout the South was well guarded, especially so in North Carolina and Virginia; the principal manufactories of war materiel out of Richmond were in Georgia and Alabama, now within easy 'raiding' distance of our armies.

"The absence of not only luxuries, but even the conveniences of life, seems to have given the whole people a semi-barbarous air, and the almost total extinction of the genus citizen made this all the more apparent. We saw no slave who was not anxiously waiting to be free; no man whose interests would allow it who did not wish to be back in the old Union. Many would come and tell us, as we waited for the trains, how the wave that swept over the South in '61 carried them along with it, and how earnestly they would rejoice at peace. All this, too, at a time when their arms flourished, and they were exultant. Now they are downhearted beyond conception. Let not our Copperhead friends pour too much of their faith into the Confederate tub, for the bottom will be out of it ere they are aware."

Captain Wrigley is now at home.



ENCAMPMENT OF UNION PRISONERS AT BELLE ISLE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[From a Sketch by Captain Harry E. Wrigley, Topographical Engineers.]


INTERIOR OF
LIBEY PRISON
RICHMOND VA
CAPN H. W. SAWYER 1ST NEW-JERSEY CAVA
CAPN FLYNN. 71ST IND.

INTERIOR VIEW OF LIBEY PRISON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE QUARTERS OF THE UNION OFFICERS CONFINED THERE.—SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN HARRY E. WRIGLEY, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.—[SEE PAGE 667.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two countrymen seeing a naturalist in a field collecting insects, thus spoke of him, "Vot's that ere gemman?" "Vy, he's a naturalist." "Vot's that?" "Vy, vun who catches gnats, to be sure."

A gentleman in the West Indies, who had frequently promised his friends to leave off drinking without their discovering any improvement, was one morning called on early by an intimate friend, who met his negro boy at his door. "Well, Sambo," said he, "where is your master?" "Massa gone out, sure," was the reply. "And has he left off drinking yet?" rejoined the first. "Oh yes, sure," said Sambo, "massa leave off drinking—he leave off two, tree time dis morning."

Antipathy to reading sermons in the pulpit is a well-known characteristic of the Scotch people. At Kirkcudbright, at an inauguration, an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked one of her companions if the new minister was a reader. "An' how can he read, woman?" was the reply, "the puir man's blin'." "I'm glad to hear it," said the first speaker, "I wish they were a' blin'."

Latour Maubourg lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in one corner of the room. "Jack," said he, "none of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog; you know you are very glad; for you will only have one boot to clean."

The late Dr. Thynne, so well known for his love of good eating, one day paid a visit to the eccentric Lord R——. He was shown into the dining-room, where he found his lordship alone and engaged in eating a choice little dinner. After talking for some time, the Doctor, who was getting hungry at the sight, said, "My lord, I think it would be no great stretch of hospitality were your lordship to say, 'Doctor, pray do as I am doing.'" "Well, Doctor," said Lord R——, "pray do as I am doing—go home and eat your own dinner."

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice found it all right except a hammer less than the invoice. "Och, don't be troubled," said the Irish porter; "sure the nagur took it out to open the hogshead with."

At the recent examination of a farmer, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent: "How old are you?" said the lawyer. "Oh, weel, Sir, I am an unmarried woman, and I dinna think it richt to answer that question." "Oh yes, inform the gentleman how old you are," said the judge. "Weel a weel, I am fifty." "Are you not more?" "Weel, I am sixty." The inquisitive lawyer still farther asked if she had hopes of getting married; to which Miss Jane replied, "Weel, Sir, I winna surely tell a lie; I hinna lost hope yet." And she scornfully added, "But I widna marry you, for I am sick tired o' your palaver already."

Lord Norbury riding in the coach of his friend Purcell, and chancing to pass a gallows, asked, "Where would you be, Purcell, if every man had his due?" "Alone in my carriage," was the reply.

"I'm bound to disturb your repose," as the storm said to the sea.

The last excuse for crinoline is, that the "*weaker* vessels" need much hooping.

A profligate young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the devil. "Oh, certainly," said a gentleman, "we can have no objection to toast any of your lordship's friends!"

We lately met a grammarian, says a California paper, who has just made a tour through the mines conjugating, or rather cogitating thus—"Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus!"

A DEAR YOUNG LADY.

A young lady has said
That she no man will wed
Who's worth less than six hundred a year,
One would fancy, to keep,
A white elephant cheap,
If compared to a damsel so dear.

Full one hundred; no less,
She must spend upon dress,
Every year of her conjugal life;
Only somebody who
Is as rich as a Jew
Could afford to maintain such a wife.

Oh, how lovely must she,
To expect so much, be!
But who prizes mere beauty's a goose.
Like the plum's bloomy rime,
'Tis brushed off in no time,
And how then if your wife's of no use?

What can this girl, then, do?
Can she bake? Can she brew?
Can she wash? Can she cook? Can she mend?
Or is she nothing worth
Than the fruits of the earth
To consume, and a fortune expend?

A good story is told of one George Shaffer, who many years ago lived at Portsmouth. He had once been out shooting, and was coming home with his game-bag empty, and weary, when he stopped at the toll-house for a moment's rest. "There's a fine lot of ducks back here in the pond," said he to the toll-keeper; "what will you let me fire into them for?" "Can't do it," responded the toll-man. "I don't want to have my ducks killed." George put his gun in the toll-house and walked back to take another look at the ducks. When he was gone, the toll-man, who was a wag, drew the shot from the barrel, and then replaced the gun. George returned, and then renewed the question. "Well," said the toll-man, "though you are a good shot, I don't believe you could hurt them much. Give me your money, and you may fire." The money was paid, and quite a party, who had gathered round, went back to witness George's discomfiture. He raised his gun, fired, and killed nine of them. "The deuce!" cried the toll-man. "I took the charge out of your gun." "Yes," said George, "I supposed you would. I always go double-charged."

Definition.—A spare rib: a thin wife.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first softens every care;
My second implies diminution;
But I would not be my whole for the world.
Friend-less.

What letter in the alphabet is of most use to a deaf woman?
A, because it makes her, hear.

What is that which gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor's bill?
A draught (draft).

There is a thing that was three weeks old when Adam was no more,
This thing it was but four weeks old when Adam was fourscore.
The moon.

Why are conundrums like monkeys?
They are far-fetched and troublesome.

My first is what all mortals ought to do;
My second is what all mortals have done;
And my whole is the result of my first.
Love-err (lover).

Which is the heaviest horse in the world?
A led horse (lead).

State Fairs of 1863.

The award of the first premium over all competition to the Grover & Baker sewing machines at the Kentucky State Fair, held last week at Louisville, adds another to the many victories which these machines have achieved this year. Following the lead of the New York State Fair, the Iowa State Fair, the Vermont State Fair, and the fairs held at Vergennes and Burlington in the latter state, the Kentucky State Fair awarded the Grover & Baker machines the highest premium for the best machine for family use, the best for manufacturing, and the best sewing machine work.—*Daily World.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS.

The subscribers manufacture TYPE REVOLVING Double and Single Cylinder Printing Machines, Bed and Platen

POWER PRESSES,
For Book, Job, and Card Printing.

They would also call the attention of publishers of newspapers to their new

RAILWAY NEWSPAPER PRESS
and their Single
LARGE HAND CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE,

either of which is especially designed to supply newspapers of a moderate circulation with a cheap and serviceable Printing Machine, capable of doing also the ordinary job-work of an out of town office. They are designed to run by hand, at a speed of 700 copies an hour, and at this rate will run without jar or noise.

Circular of prices, with description, will be forwarded on application.

R. HOE & CO.,
Printers' and Binders' Warehouse,
Nos 29 and 31 Gold Street,
Corner Broome, Sheriff, and Columbia Sts., New York,
And Foundry Street, Boston, Mass.

Publishers of newspapers who will insert this advertisement thirteen times in their weekly papers, with this note, previous to January 1, 1864, and forward us a copy of paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials by purchasing four times the amount of their bill for this advertisement.

Brandreth's Pills.

This medicine often cures when all others have failed. They prevent apoplexy, they cure diseases of the heart and nervous diseases, and as a purgative and bilious pill they have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions accompanying each box of New Style, they produce great purity of the blood and the system, generally causing only the removal of vitiated matters, which have become useless or injurious, and securing, in the reconstruction of the diseased parts, nothing but sound healthy materials. Thus Brandreth's Pills cause an actual increase of life where it is most wanted in the human or animal body, and a consequent reduction of the death principle. Those who use them soon recover and enjoy a remarkable share of health.

DYSENTERY CURED.

Mr. J. C. Rappelyea, of Monmouth County, New Jersey, writes, March 19, 1859: "I was troubled, in January last, with costiveness for several days, and took ten grains of calomel to obtain relief. I caught cold, I suppose; at any rate, a severe diarrhœa set in, which my medical attendant found it impossible to arrest. This was followed by dysentery. My strength was all gone. Everything passed through me as I took it. A friend from New York, Mr. Geo. Lewis, fortunately called on me, and advised Brandreth's Pills. I thought, in my weak condition, one pill would be enough; but he administered four, and the next morning four more. Much impurity came from me, and, to my surprise, the soreness and pain diminished. One box cured me fully. I am now hearty, with a fine appetite. You are at liberty to publish this."

CASE OF ROSCOE K. WATSON.

Sing Sing, June 23, 1863.

Dr. B. Brandreth, New York:

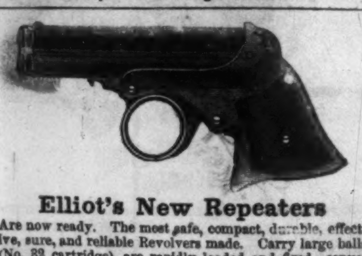
Sir—I was a private in Company F, Seventeenth New York Volunteers. While at Harrison's Landing and on the Rappahannock, near Falmouth, I and many of the company were sick with bilious diarrhœa. The army surgeon did not cure us, and I was reduced to skin and bone. Among the company were quite a number of members who had worked in your laboratory at Sing Sing. They were not sick, because they used Brandreth's Pills. These men prevailed upon me and others to use the pills, and we were all cured in from two to five days. After this our boys used Brandreth's Pills for the typhus fever, colds, and rheumatism, and in no case did they fail to restore health. Out of gratitude to you for my good health, I send you this letter, which, if necessary, the entire company would sign. I am, respectfully yours,

ROSCOE K. WATSON.

These celebrated Pills are sold at 25 cents per box. Purchase only BRANDRETH'S PILLS, STAMPED with my "Private Stamp." See B. Brandreth in white letters. Principal office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by all dealers. N. B.—Old stock cheerfully exchanged.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.



Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled gain twist. The Trade supplied.

ELLIOT ARMS CO., 494 Broadway, N. Y.

ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE.—The best assortment of Enameled Furniture, in all colors and styles, Walnut and Chestnut, Plain and Ornamental, in Suites. Wholesale and Retail. Also, Mattresses and Paillasses. WARREN WARD, No. 277 Canal St., N. Y.

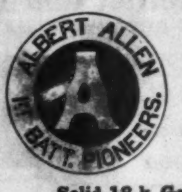
Cloaks and Mantillas.

BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions!
Opened his Fall Stock on Thursday, 8th inst.,
And as usual stands unrivaled for Style, Quality, AND VARIETY
300 Canal Street, New York.

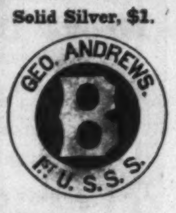
Soldiers' COMPANY PINS.

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver $1.



Solid Silver, $1.


GEO. ANDREWS.
B
1st U. S. S. S.

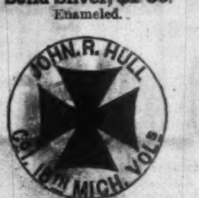
Solid 18 k. Gold, $3 50 each.

Solid Silver, with Letters in GOLD Relief, $1 50.

Corps Badges

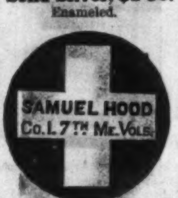
Sent free by Mail or Express on receipt of Price.

Solid Silver, $1 50.
Enameled.


JOHN. R. HULL
Co. I. 16th MICH. VOLS.

Solid Gold, $4.

Solid Silver, $1 50.
Enameled.

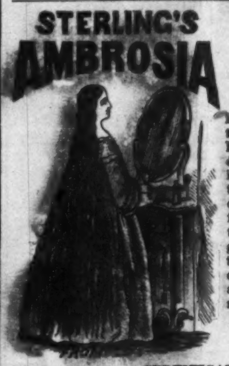

SAMUEL HOOD
Co. I. 7th Me. Vols.

Solid Gold, $4.

Badges for the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 11th, and 12th Army Corps.

1st Division Enameled Red, 2d Division White, 3d Division Blue.

Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue.
Address J. G. PACKARD & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.



DR. STERLING'S
AMBROSIA

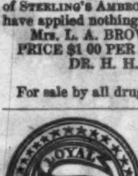
is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks, and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head; entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or from turning prematurely gray, causing it to grow thick and long. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and can be relied on.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that, about eighteen months ago, I commenced using Sterling's Ambrosia. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling out. I had tried many Hair Tonics, Invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using the Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft, and glossy, and is five feet four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of Sterling's Ambrosia, as since I commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair.

Mrs. L. A. BROWN, No. 498 Broadway, New York.
PRICE $1 00 PER BOX, containing two bottles.
DR. H. H. STERLING, Sole Proprietor,
Depot No. 493 Broadway.

For sale by all druggists.

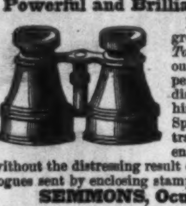


National Union League,
Army Corps and Regimental Badges.

We are now prepared to furnish League Pins; also, Army Corps and Regimental Badges of every description, in Solid Silver, Solid Gold, and Plated. Also a large assortment of Jewelry.

E. N. FOOTE & CO., Manufacturers of Jewelry,
208 Broadway, New York.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.
Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera,* and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
669½ Broadway, New York.

DR. SAMUEL S. FITCH'S New and Improved TRUSSES, ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, SHOULDER BRACES, INHALING TUBES, &c. They are patented in the UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, and SCOTLAND, and universally acknowledged to be the most perfect Instruments made. Persons requiring will do well to call and examine (or send for pamphlet) before purchasing. Office, 714 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

HUBBARD BRO'S IMPORTERS of WATCHES NEW YORK.

Are offering the cheapest, most accurate, durable, and saleable Watches in the American market! They are the sole consignees in this country for the celebrated

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

COMPOSITE

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Piece!

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected from the solid material by the most experienced judges. The material being alike all through, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

At Wholesale only! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial,* and *fancy cut hands,* in *good running order,* by the half dozen, $66; postage, $1 80; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

Our importations are novelties produced by no other house, combining greater accuracy as timekeepers, being more elaborately and artistically finished, and offered at prices challenging competition from all other hands.

The press in all parts of the country voluntarily attest the superiority of our watches. Their encomiums are emphatic, speaking directly to the point, in a manner not to be misunderstood.

"Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers."—*Frank Leslie's,* Feb. 21.

"Prettiest, best, and cheapest time-pieces ever offered."—*N. Y. Illustrated News,* Jan. 10.

"Exceed other manufactures in point of accuracy and elegance."—*Phila. Army and Navy Gazette,* May 9.

"An improvement on ordinary timepieces, and invaluable for railroad men."—*N. Y. Am. Railroad Journal,* Aug. 9.

"Elaborately and artistically finished."—*N. Y. Scottish American,* July 30.

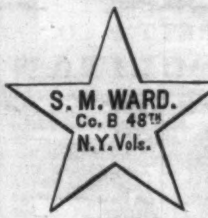
"Combine great accuracy as timekeepers."—*Pittsburg, Pa., Chronicle,* July 27.

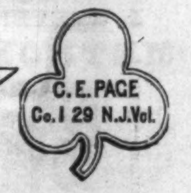
"Very pretty and durable watches for the army."—*N. Y. Army and Navy Journ.* (Government organ), Aug. 29.

"One of the oldest and most reliable houses in business."—*Louisville, Ky., Journal,* July 31.

☞ Terms Cash; Invariably in Advance. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
169 *Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.*


S. M. WARD.
Co. B 48th
N.Y. Vols.



50,000 Agents Wanted.

One Agent wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and on board every Naval Vessel. For $1, will send you as sample, with a Circular giving full instructions to Agents, either a Fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a beautiful New Style Vest Chain, or Chatelaine Chain and Pin, or Guard Chain, or an Engraved Spring Locket, or a Seal Stone, California Diamond, or Chased Ring, or a fine Gold California Diamond Pin, or a New Style Set of Jewelry, or a solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps Pin, with your Name, Co., and Reg., handsomely engraved upon it, or a Kearney Cross in Gold Plate; and, for 50 cents, I will send a beautiful Union League Pin, in fine Gold Plate.

B. T. HAYWARD, Manufacturing Jeweler,
Box 4876. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED.—DISABLED AND DISCHARGED SOLdiers, and others, maimed and crippled, can hear of a pleasant and profitable business by addressing P. O. Box No. 45, Philadelphia. (Sample free for 25 cents.)

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES**, Ropes, **CORDAGE**, and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wick, **CARPET WARP**, Fish Lines, Blocking Cord, Loom Cord and Surgeons' Tow, Writing and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Printing Office for $12.

Every Man his own Printer.

THE LOWE IMPROVED PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented, and have been awarded Silver Medals and Diplomas. Merchants, Druggists, and others, are saving or MAKING MONEY by using them. Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, Labels, &c., can be printed at a trifling expense. Price of Presses: $7, 12, 18, and $25. Price of an Office, with Press, $12, 22, 32, and $43. Send for a Circular to the

LOWE PRESS CO., 13 Water Street, Boston.

Merchants' and Manufacturers' Ponoptygon and Universal Agency, Instituted under an Act of 1817.

Merchants, Manufacturers, Agents, Peddlers, and all others wishing to increase their business, should send (a stamp) for our Circular.

GOODWIN & CO.,
429 Broadway, N. Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.
The Best in the World.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.
Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100	Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000	Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000	Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

WEDDING CARDS.

French Note Papers, Seals and Presses, Silver Plates, etc., at J. Everdell's, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St. For Specimens by mail, send 25 cents.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

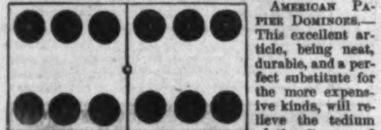
METROPOLITAN

PURCHASING AGENCY.

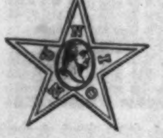
We will forward to any address, on receipt of order (accompanied by cash), ANY ARTICLE REQUIRED, at the LOWEST PRICES; Photographs, Albums, Latest Publications, Music, Jewelry, Books, Playing Cards, Army Corps Badges, or any other articles procurable in this city.

We will forward, on receipt of 20 cents each, Photographs of Generals Meade, M'Clellan, Grant, Fremont, Rosecrans, Sigel, Banks, Sherman, Halleck, Slocum, Sickles; Admirals Porter, Foote, Dupont, or any of the leading Officers in the Army and Navy.

Dominoes for the Million.



American Papier Dominoes.—This excellent article, being neat, durable, and a perfect substitute for the more expensive kinds, will relieve the tedium of the Camp and the Hospital. Single sets, 15 cents, per mail; $1 50 per dozen; per hundred, $10.



Union Badge.

PER HUNDRED,
$10,00.

SINGLE BADGES.
15 cents.

Sent free by Express or Mail.

Address J. W. EVERETT & CO.
111 Fulton Street, or P. O. Box 1,614,
NEW YORK CITY.

Sent free by mail for 60 cents.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

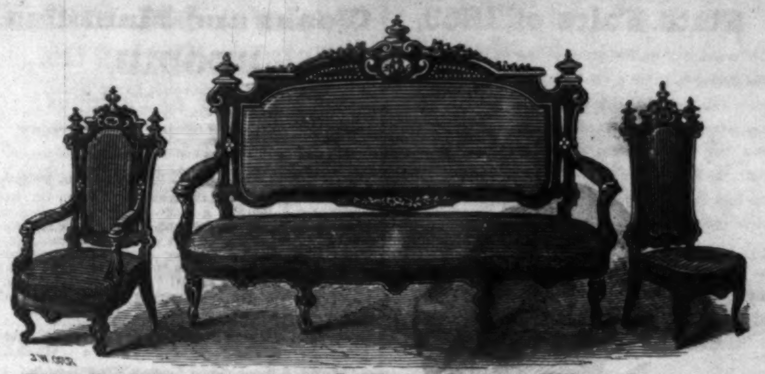
For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, &c.—Manufactured only by
S. G. WELLING, No. 207 Centre St., New York.
Price 50 cents per box. Sold by Druggists generally.

EMPLOYMENT

AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—THOUSANDS CAN REALIZE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars, and a sample to work by, sent free on the receipt of 50 cents. Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

$1 VAN ANDEN'S ONE DOLLAR PORTABLE COPYING PRESS. $1

Acknowledged by all who have used it to be, in all respects, unequaled. Sent free by mail. Liberal discount to agents and the trade. HANNAH & CO., No. 104 John St., N. Y. Room No. 1. Send 3 ct. stamp for circular.



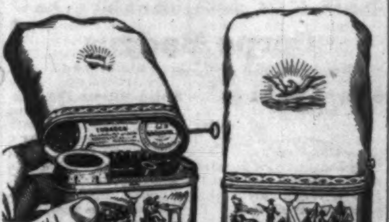
Meeks' Cabinet and Furniture Warehouse,

No. 699 BROADWAY, and 333 and 335 Fourth Street.

The largest assortment of rich and plain furniture in the city, made of the very best well-seasoned and selected material, by the best workmen in the country, under the immediate supervision of the firm, whose reputation for excellence of manufacture has been established seventy years. Also, an assortment of superior COTTAGE FURNITURE. ☞ Goods packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

Office 429 Broadway.

The "Ridgewood" Patent Smoking Case.



Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by means of a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case*. Nothing can excel its *comfort and utility for Smokers*. It is of *various styles*, at $1 50, $1 88, $2 25, $2 50, and $2 75, to $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. It is substantially made *for service*, and secures what it promises for *all Smokers*, at *home* or *abroad*, in the ARMY or NAVY, *style*, *comfort*, and *economy*. As a *present* to friends, nothing could be more acceptable. For the *Soldier*, in *Camp* or *on the March*, *it is invaluable*.

Also is offered

The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

Of *superior flavor*, and equal in style and quality to any granulated *Tobacco* in the market. Put up in packages to *fill the Pouch* (about a week's smoking), or in larger packages as desired, for the general Trade. *Officers*, *Smokers*, and *Dealers*, are invited to *call* and examine these Goods. Circular sent if desired.

A *Liberal Discount to Dealers*. *Single Cases* sent by mail or Express, *paid*, on receipt of price and 25 cents.

The Attention of Sutlers is particularly invited to these Goods.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

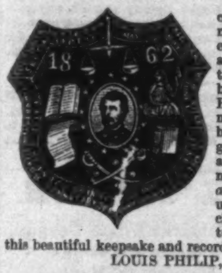
RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
Office 429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

Portable

Printing Offices.

For sale by the ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row, New York. Circulars sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 6 cents, and also for sale by CHASE & LEAVITT, 35 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

NATIONAL BATTLE PIN.

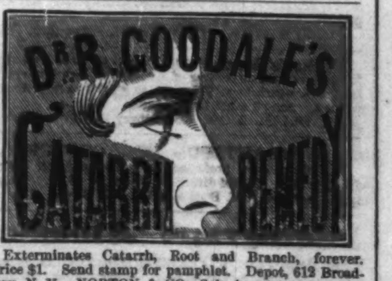


M'Clellan, Grant, Rosecrans, Banks, Meade, Gillmore, Burnside, Hooker, Foster, and Sigel. All are the same pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and date. Perfect photograph likeness in each pin. Plated back and front in fine gold. By enclosing $1, a sample will be sent by mail. *Agents wanted in and out the army.* The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts.

LOUIS PHILIP, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.—Brilliant and Valuable Novelties in the Fall number of Mme. Demorest's Mirror of Fashions. The Empress Eugenie and Her Maids of Honor. A large sheet of New Braid and Embroidery Patterns, extra-large Colored Fashion Plate, and five Full-size Patterns, with other valuable novelties. Now Ready. Single, 25 cents; yearly, $1, with valuable premiums. Address

MME. DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, N. Y.



Exterminates Catarrh, Root and Branch, forever. Price $1. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot, 612 Broadway, N. Y. NORTON & CO., Sole Agents.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

$15 Per Day Easy $15

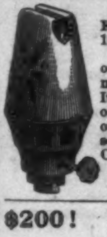
And a Watch Free.

Employment for everybody, male and female. 100,000 men, women, and children wanted to act as our Agents in every Town and Village throughout the U. S. to sell our *immensely popular*, *unexcelled*, and *valuable* extra large size Prize Stationery, Recipes, and Yankee Notion Packages, containing fine Writing Materials, such as Paper, Pens, Pencils, Envelopes, Blotters, Beautiful Emblems, Ladies' Fashion Plates, Designs for Needlework, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Camp Companions (for Soldiers), Parlor Amusements, Letter Writer's Guide, Medical Preparations, Many Ways to Get Rich, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Union Designs, Gents' Pocket Calendars for 1863, Yankee Notions of all kinds, *rich and costly Presents of Fashionable Jewelry*, Rare Recipes, Games, Army Advice, &c., &c., &c., the whole worth, if bought separately, *many dollars*. Price each Package only **25** cents retail. Wholesale rates to Agents very low, from **100** to **200** per cent profit allowed. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone, and above all competitors, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard Articles of the kind now manufactured. Packages of all descriptions put up by the 1000 for Sutlers, Peddlers, Wholesale Dealers, &c. Goods sent by Express safe to all parts of the army South or Southwest. A Splendid Solid Silver Watch, English Movements, and *correct timepieces* presented free to each person who acts as our agent. Send for our new Circulars, containing *Extra Premium Inducements*, sent free. S. C. RICKARDS & CO., **102** Nassau St., N. Y. The Great Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

The Standard American Billiard Table.

☞ Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable billiard tables manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to billiards, for sale by PHELAN & COLLENDER, corner of Crosby and Spring Streets, New York.

Mt. Kisco Military and Collegiate Institute. The Fall term opens Oct. 5th, 1863. For circulars address A. B. WIGGIN, A.M., Mount Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y.



The "Star" No Chimney Burner for Kerosene Oil Lamps, Patented Aug. 11, 1863.

Gives a brilliant and steady light without smoke or smell, and requires no chimney. An excellent portable or hall light. It can be carried and handled freely without being extinguished. Superior to any other of the kind. Warranted as represented. Sample sent, post-paid, for 35 cts. Circulars free. Agents wanted.

PETER ESSIG & CO., Manufacturers,
No. 9 Platt Street, N. Y.

$200! $150! $100! $50!

PREMIUMS.

To Editors and Others!

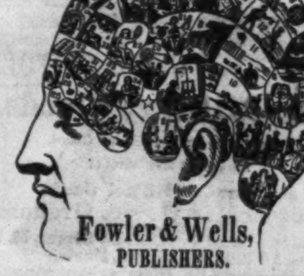
I will pay the above-named amounts for the best four articles on either my *Soap*, *Saleratus*, or *Concentrated Potash*.

The article must state the writer's experience in using the goods, and must be not less than ten lines, and be published in the editorial columns of any good family newspaper.

Any party wishing to compete for the above, and desiring further information, may address the undersigned. Each person writing and publishing a notice as above, will mail a marked copy of the paper containing the notice to me, and also write me by mail, giving full address.

The Premiums will be awarded on the fourth day of July, 1864.

B. T. BABBITT,
64 to 74 Washington Street, New York.



Fowler & Wells,

PUBLISHERS.

Physiognomy, Phrenology, Physiology, Psychology, Ethnology, including the various "signs of character," and how to read them, given in the Phrenological Journal. A new volume, 38, commenced in July. $1 50 a year. Sample Nos. sent by first post for 15 cents.

FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils*, *Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED to take orders for VICTOR'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, the acknowledged standard, indorsed by the President, Cabinet, Members of Congress, Governors, Bancroft the Historian, and by the press generally. Two volumes are now ready, superbly illustrated with steel engravings. Sold by subscription only, and exclusive territory given. Canvassers make $50 to $100 per week. Send for circular of terms, &c. Address

EDWARD F. HOVEY, 13 Spruce Street, N. Y.

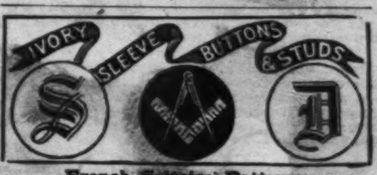
Watches and Jewelry.

CHEAPEST AND BEST yet offered to the public. For list of Articles and Prices, address

PARKER COX & CO., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent free by mail for 20 cents, that retail for $2, urgently needed by every person, by

R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.



French (Solitaire) Patterns.

These fashionable goods are made of the finest Ivory, and brought to a high polish of all colors, Black, White, Red, Blue, &c., and engraved with Initial Letters, Old English, &c. Complete sets $1 50, free by mail. Trade supplied.

JOHN F. PHELPS, 493 Broadway, New York.

Deafness.—*Sound Magnifying Tubes.* Can be concealed, and enables deaf persons to hear at public assemblies. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to

E. HASLAM, 32 John St., New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

Have just published:

THE RING OF AMASIS. From the Papers of a German Physician. By Robert Bulwer Lytton (Owen Meredith). 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

MARTIN POLE. By John Saunders, Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

KNAPP'S FRENCH READING-BOOK; CHRESTOMATHIE FRANCAISE: Containing I. Selections from the best French Writers, with Copious References to the Author's French Grammar. II. The Master-Pieces of Molière, Racine, Boileau, and Voltaire; with Explanatory Notes, a Glossary of Idiomatic Phrases, and a Vocabulary. By William I. Knapp, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Madison University, N. Y. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, paper, 50 cents.

HEAD'S DAILY WALK WITH WISE MEN. Daily Walk with Wise Men; or, Religious Exercises for Every Day in the Year. Selected, Arranged, and specially Adapted, by Rev. Nelson Head. Large 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

ALCOCK'S JAPAN. The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. With Maps and Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Cloth, $3 00.

THE BIVOUAC AND THE BATTLE-FIELD; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland. By Captain George F. Noyes. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

KAY'S CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. The Social Condition and Education of the People in England. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge; Barrister at Law; and late Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

LIVE IT DOWN. A Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. Jeaffreson, Author of "Olive Blake's Good Work," "Isabel; the Young Wife and the Old Love," &c. *New edition just ready.* 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ROMOLA. A Novel. By the Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 50.

AFRICAN HUNTING FROM NATAL TO THE ZAMBESI, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, &c., from 1852 to 1860. By William Charles Baldwin, F.R.G.S. With Map, Fifty Illustrations by Wolf and Zwecker, and a Portrait of the Great Sportsman. Small 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Gerald Fitzgerald," "One of Them," "The Martins of Cro' Martin," "Maurice Tiernay," "The Dodd Family Abroad," &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. A Novel. By John Saunders. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

FANNY KEMBLE'S GEORGIA PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838–1839. By Frances Anne Kemble. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

DRAPER'S INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

☞ Any of the above Works sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

Terms to Advertisers.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.